No 123 JUNE 26-JULY 9 85p

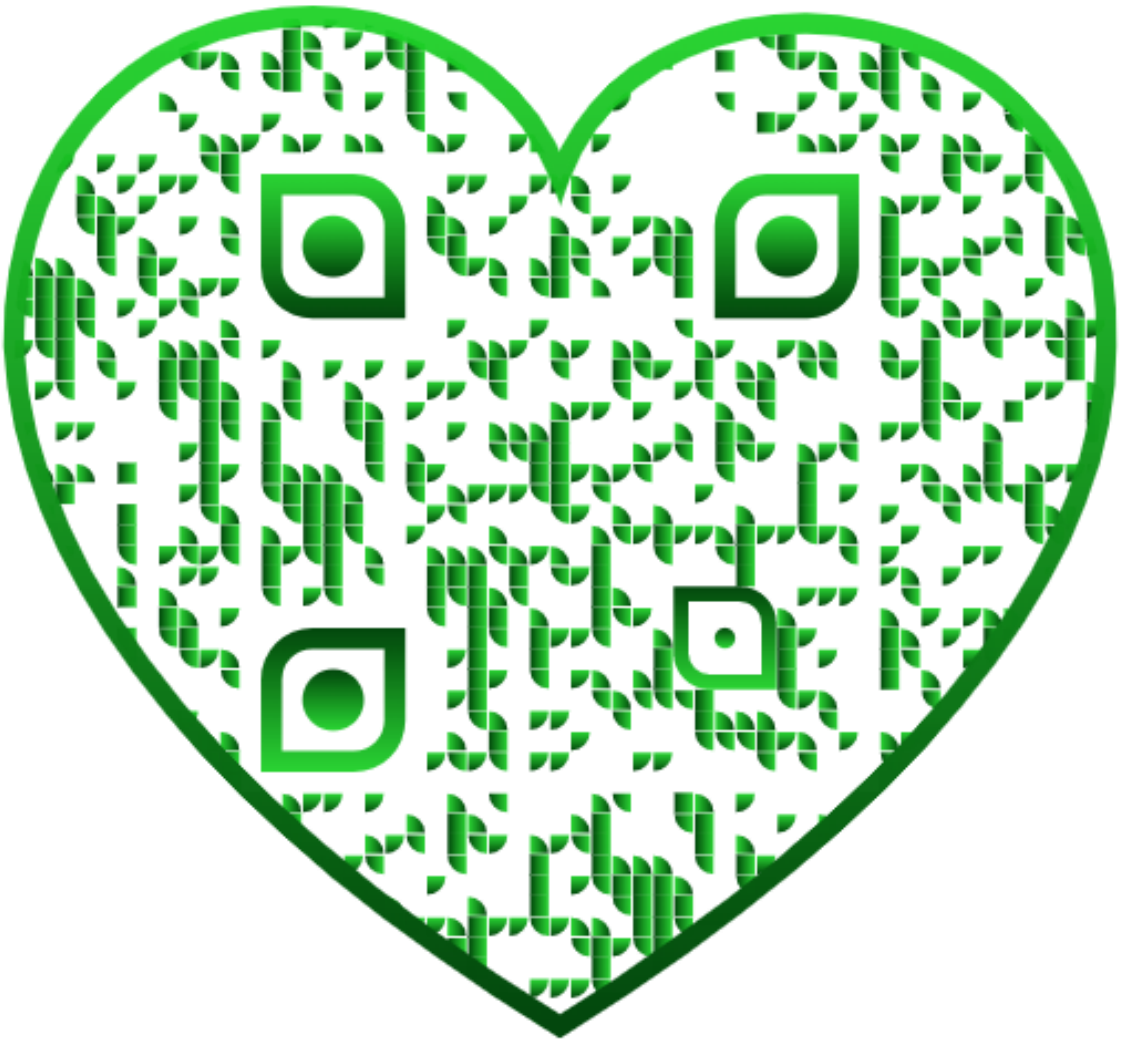
KERRANG!

FISH OF MARILLION: pic Paul Cox

FISH BOWL
Marillion get set for the Milton meltdown

Fate
Magnum
Loudness
Gary Moore
Def Leppard

EXCLUSIVE
Genesis interview



BLOOD ON THE TRAX

■ *LOS ANGELES band* ***Slayer*** *(above) have just completed work on their latest studio album with producer* ***Rick Rubin.*** *Titled* ***'Raining Blood'****, it will be released through the* Def Jam *label (a subsidiary of* CBS*) in the near future.*

Among those tracks set to appear are: ***'Raining Blood'****,* ***'Angel Of Death'****,* ***'Jesus Saves'****,* ***'Necrophobic'****,* ***'Criminally Insane'****,* ***'Post-Mortem'****,* ***'Altar Of Sacrifice'****,* ***'Epidemic'*** *and* ***"Piece By Piece'****.*

MARTIN CHRONICLES

■ **ERIC MARTIN** (below) is currently getting into musical shape to record his second solo album, the follow-up to his self-titled LP released earlier this year in the UK on *Music For Nations*.

Martin was recently in England talking to various producers about the project and seems to have narrowed down his choice to three, namely **Peter Collins** (who is presently working with **Billy Squier** and has also been involved with **Gary Moore**), **Mike Howlett** (most renowned for his production activites with such acts as **Flock Of Seagulls**) and **Terry Britten** (who has been associated with **Tina Turner** and Canadians **Luba**).

Martin has already prepared some material for his new album ("Five or six songs, all following in the soul/Metal/r'n'b vein I've been interested in for some while") and also intends to bring in outside songs. Moreover, he's got every intention of using his nine-piece band (including three female backing vocalists) for the recording sessions.

Martin is, of course, signed to a worldwide deal with *Capitol* and the LP will probably be put out by the company before the end of this year in the US, with the UK subsidiary again given the option of putting it out here. However, given the fact that last time the British arm of *Capitol* didn't exercise their option, it can't be taken for granted that any Eric Martin product will gain an automatic release through the label in the UK. Once again, *Music For Nations* might step into the breach.

But Martin isn't only preoccupied with his own album at the moment. For, having contributed to the soundtracks of both the **'Teachers'** and **'Iron Eagle'** films, it looks as though he will be featured on one cut for an as-yet untitled movie being put together by the producers of **'The Breakfast Club'**; the number has already been penned by **Stephen Hague**. In addition, **'Information'** (taken from his **'Eric Martin'** album) seems almost certain to be covered by **Headpins** vocalist **Darby Mills** on a forthcoming project outside of Headpins.

Yeah, it's action-a-go-go for El Boy!

JUNGLE RIVVUMS

■ ***TARZEN*** *(ABOVE), SPAIN'S* premiere *hard rockers, have added noted guitarist* ***Laurence Archer*** *to their ranks, replacing* ***Salvador Dominequez****. The line-up now stands at* ***Danny Peyronel*** *(vocals, keyboards),* ***Ralph Hood*** *(bass),* ***Michael Peyronel*** *(drums) and, of course, new boy Laurence Archer.*

This surprise move has, at last, cleared up speculation over the stability of ***LA Secrets****, Archer's last band, having now officially disbanded with just one live date to their credit. Says Laurence: "We had some interest from record companies, but although they liked the songs most felt the band as it stood wasn't positive enough on the live front. On reflection, I can now accept that."*

Archer's move to Tarzen has also coincided with a three-album solo record deal with Japanese label Mel Dec *(a new offshoot of* Mitsubishi*) whereby he is currently recording the first LP, as yet untitled, for release in early September consisting of nine self-penned tracks. A video will be shot in support of the first single to be lifted from the record.*

On the Tarzen front, Laurence has been writing and reheasing with the other members in Spain, preparing material for their next album due out on the Valentino/Atlantic *label later in the year. Before that, however, the band will be undertaking a tour of Spain, headlining gigs in major venues such as bullrings and football stadiums before embarking on a Latin American tour in early September, visiting Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Venezuela and Mexico, where their popularity is considerable.*

■ **BIG COUNTRY** issue their third album through the *Mercury* label on June 27. Titled **'The Seer'**, it was produced by **Robin Millar**, with additional production and mixing from **Walter Turbit**, at the *Power Plant/RAK Studios*. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Eiledon'**, **'Hold The Heart'**, **'Look Away'**, **'One Great Thing'** and **'Remembrance Day'**.

Side Two: **'The Red Fox'**, **'The Sailor'**, **'The Seer'**, **'The Teacher'** and **'I Walk The Hill'**.

In addition the band have announced the following dates for December: **Edinburgh Ingliston Exhibition Centre** December 5, **Whitley Bay Ice Rink** 6, **Birmingham National Exhibition Centre** 8, **Shepton Mallet Showering Pavillion** 9, **Wembley Arena** 12, **Brighton Centre** 14.

Tickets are priced at £7 (Edinburgh, Whitley Bay and Shepton Mallet), £7.50/£6.50 (Birmingham and Brighton) and £8.50/£7.50 (Wembley). They are available from the respective box offices and usual agents. In addition, they can be obtained by post from the following addresses:

Edinburgh: **Big Country Box Office, PO Box 77, GPO, Edinburgh.**

Whitley Bay/Birmingham/Wembley: **Big Country Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH.**

Shepton Mallet: **Big Country Box Office, Concert Travel Club, 4 High St, Barnstaple, Devon EX31 1BQ.**

A 50p booking fee sould be added for each ticket and all cheques/POs should be made payable to **'Big Country'**.

■ **STING** RELEASES a double live album through *A&M Records* on June 20. Entitled **'Bring On The Night'**, it includes six songs from **'The Dream Of The Blue Turtles'** album, nine **Police** songs and a new version of **'I Burn For You'**. All the material was recorded in Paris, Rome and Arnhem on Sting's recent world tour, with final production by Sting and **Kim Turner.**

The full track-listing for the album is: **'Bring On The Night'/'When The World Is Running Down'/'Consider Me Gone'/'The Dream Of The Blue Turtles'** – **'We Work The Black Seam'/'One World Not Three'** – **'Love Is The Seventh Wave'/'Moon Over Bourbon Street'**/'I Burn For You'/**'Another Day'/'Children's Crusade'/'Down So Long'/'Tea In The Sahara'**.

The album's release coincides with that of the Sting movie directed by **Michael Apted** (**'Coalminer's Daughter'**, **'Gorky Park'**). The film charts the progress of the band from rehearsals in Paris to the first performance at the city's *Mogador Theatre*, and also includes interview footage. Called **'Bring On The Night'**, the film opens on June 27.

■ **LISA DOMINIQUE & Marino**

TULL GO BOWLING

■ *WHEN* ***JETHRO TULL*** *(above) take to the stage at* Milton Keynes Bowl *on June 28 as special guests at* ***Marillion****'s 'Garden Party', it will be the first time the band have appeared live in the UK since September 1984. The lengthy break has been caused because mainman/vocalist/flautist* ***Ian Anderson*** *has been suffering from severe throat problems.*

"It was the first time I've come up against such difficulties singing and although we did do a TV show in Germany during March '85 as part of the tricentenniel celebrations to mark the birth of Bach, nonetheless this was just an instrumental set."

*Jethro Tull came off the road from their last world tour in December 1984, finishing in Australia, since which time the five members of the band have been following individual trails. Anderson, aside from looking after his much-vaunted salmon farm, guested on one cut (****'All Along She Knew'****) from* ***Honeymoon Suite****'s second album (****'The Big Prize'****), only the second time he's ever made an appearance on someone else's LP ("The other time was years ago with* ***Roy Harper****"); keyboardsman* ***Peter-John Vitesse*** *has been working with* ***Frankie Goes to Hollywood*** *and* ***Go West****; drummer* ***Doane Perry*** *has been keeping himself busy in Australia; bassist* ***Dave Pegg*** *has been touring with* ***Fairport Convention****; and guitarist* ***Martin Barre*** *has been at work in his own Devon-located studio.*

But now they're back together and the plan is for Tull to follow up their Milton Keynes *slot (probably third from the top, preceded by* ***Mama's Boys*** *and* ***Magnum*** *and succeeded by* ***Gary Moore*** *and Marillion) with headlining festival bursts in Tel-Aviv, Budapest, Copenhagen and Germany; the Teutonic ones will see Jethro Tull top a bill also set to include* ***Status Quo*** *and* ***Rory Gallagher.***

CHAS & RAVE

■ ***DAVID T. CHASTAIN****, the Atlanta-born guitar ace, will be releasing a new* ***Chastain*** *album on June 26 . . . with a* ***CJSS*** *album to follow later in the year. Confused? Don't be, cos it's all quite simple really; David, now based in Cincinnati, is the driving force behind* both *projects, each involving different personnel and different record labels. Right? Right. Off we go . . .*

The Chastain album, ***'Ruler Of The Wasteland'****, has just been released on the* Roadrunner *label in Europe and* Shrapnel *in the US. Produced at* Prairie Sun Studios *near San Francisco by* ***Steve Fontano (W.A.S.P., Icon, Le Mans, Billy Sheehan****, etc), with* ***Mike Varney*** *acting as executive producer, it has the following track-listing:*

Side One*:* ***'Ruler Of The Wasteland'****,* ***'One Day To Live'****,* ***'The King Has The Power'****,* ***'Fighting To Stay Alive'****,* ***'Angel Of Mercy'****.*

Side Two*:* ***'There Will Be Justice'****,* ***'Children Of Eden'****,* ***'Living In A Dream World'****,* ***'Battle Of Nevermore'****.*

The Chastain line-up is David T.Chastain (lead guitar, who wrote all lyrics and music), ***Mike Skimmerhorn*** *(bass), female vocalist* ***Leather*** *and* ***Ken Mary*** *(drums).*

Meanwhile, David T. recently entered Counterpart Studio *(once used by* ***Aerosmith****) to start work on another CJSS JP, likely to be issued in later September/early October on the* Black Dragon *label in Europe and the* Leviathan *label in the US. The album, which will probably be called either* ***'Praise The Loud'*** *or* ***'Land Of The Free'****, is being produced by David and will contain the following tracks:* ***'Praise The Loud'****,* ***'Land Of The Free'****,* ***'Don't Play With Fire'****,* ***'Citizen Of Hell'****,* ***'Thunder And Lightning'*** *(an instrumental),* ***'Out Of Control'****,* ***'Danger'****,* ***'Metal For Ever'*** *and* ***'The Bargain'****.*

The CJSS line-up (pictured above from left) is David T.Chastain (lead guitar, who wrote all the music and co-wrote the lyrics with vocalist ***Russell Jinkens****),* ***Mike Skimmerhorn*** *(bass) and* ***Les Sharp*** *(drums).*

The Band are currently recording an album with producer **Mick Ronson** at *Surrey Sound Studios* in Surrey. Titled **'The Big Kiss'**, the LP should be out through the *AMI* label during September.

However, the band were recently the victims of an unfortunate twist of fate when their London office was burnt down, resulting in the loss of much (ir)replaceable material, including the master tapes to their debut album, **'Wanna Keep You Satisfied'**, plus two guitars belonging to Marino. As a result, the planned re-issue of 'Wanna . . .', through the *LRM* label, has now been scrapped and Marino himself is seeking a sympathetic instrument manufacturer willing to help him over his present guitar-less predicament.

The group have also changed their fan club address to the following: **12B Belsize Park Gardens, London NW3.**

■ YUGOSLAVIAN ACT the **Wild Strawberries** are currently seeking a suitable replacement for departed lead vocalist **Alan Islamouich**. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to: **Zack, Flat 34, 98 Cheney St., London WC1E 7ET.** Tel: **01 482 5200.**

■ GUITARIST **MARTY Wilson Piper** has quit Australian act the **Church**. This forced the band to cancel their proposed show at the **Kentish Town Town & Country Club** on June 11.

■ **THOR** IS currently completing work on his latest album in New York with producer **Peppy Marchello**. As yet untitled, it should be released on the *GWR Records* label during early Autumn.

■ GUITARIST/VOCALIST **Brian Stover** and his brother, drummer/vocalist **Kevin Stover** have left Philadelphia act **Teeze** to pursue a new project.

■ LOS ANGELES band **Detente** have just issued their debut album, **'Recognise No Authority'**, through the *Roadrunner* label. Produced by **Dana Strum**, bassist with the **Vinnie Vincent Invasion**, at *Baby-O Studios* in LA it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Losers'**, **'Russian Roulette'**, **'It's Your Fate'**, **'Holy War'** and **'Catalypsy'**.

Side Two: **'Shattered Illusions'**, **'Life Is Pain'**, **'Bleed & Bleed'**, **'Widow's Walk'** and **'Vultures In The Sky'**.

The band's line-up is **Dawn Crosby** (lead vocals), **Ross Robinson/Caleb Quinn** (guitars), **Steve Hochheiser** (bass) and **Dennis Butler** (drums).

■ **WHITE SISTER** will be issuing their second album, **'Fashion By Passion'**, through the *Heavy Metal America* label during September. It has the following track listing:

Side One: **'A Place In The Heart'**, **'Fashion By Passion'**, **'Dancin' On Midnight'**, **'Save Me Tonight'** and **'Ticket To Ride'** (a cover of the **Beatles** song).

Side Two: **'April'**, **'Until It Hurts'**, **'Troubleshooter'** and **'Lonely Teardrops'**.

■ **FRANK MARINO** has just issued a new, self-produced album through *Maze Records* (Canada)/*Compass Records* (US)/*Dream Records* (Europe). It's titled **'Full Circle'**.

■ **RAVEN** ISSUE a five-track record through *Megaforce/Atlantic* in the US during mid-July. Titled **'Raven Mad'**, it was produced by the band at the *House Of Music Studios* in New Jersey and features the following tracks: **'Speed Of The Reflex'**, **'Do Or Die'**, **'Seen It On The TV'**, **'Gimme Just A Little'** and **'How Did You Get So Crazy?'**

■ **WARFARE** HAVE just released a limited edition cassette featuring six numbers (four previously issued, plus **'Two Tribes In Dub'** and a live version of the **Chelsea** song **'I'm On Fire'**, neither of which has ever been made available before) and a radio interview.

NEWS BITS

■ NEW RENAISSANCE RECORDS *have just issued an 11-track compilation under the title of* ***'Ladykillers'****, featuring 11 female-fronted/all female American bands. The full track listing is:*

Side One: ***'Speed Of Sound' – Black Lace, 'Better Off Dead' – Hellion*** *(lead vocalist* ***Ann Boleyn*** *above),* ***'Nightmare' – Pantara, 'Sleeping With The Dead' – Queen Of Hearts*** *and* ***'Try Anything' – Judy Saiya.***

Side Two: ***'The Day After' – Fire, 'Fight Or Fall' – Syren, 'I Know What You Want' – High Risk, 'Rip It Up' – DC LaCroix, 'On The Run' – Jaded Lady*** *and* ***'Soft Touch' – Deep Freeze.***

Copies of this can be obtained by sending a postal order *only* (made payable to **'LA Barker'**) for £4 (incl. p&p) to: **16 Henry St, Shildon, County Durham DL4 1JP.**

The band's third album, **'MFM Hardcore '87'**, will be issued through the *Neat* label on November 3.

■ *SONET RECORDS* have just issued the latest album from guitarist **Roy Buchanan**. It's titled **'Dancing On The Edge'** and features a guest appearance from Texan vocalist **Delbert McClinton.**

■ WORCESTER ACT **Tyga Myra** have issued their debut album, **'Deliverance'**, through the *Ebony* label. Produced by the band with **Nick Bowcott** of **Grim Reaper** at *Stuff Studios* in Worcester, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Deliverance (Last Rites)'**, **'Lightning Never Strikes Twice'**, **'Right Through The Night'** and **'Ain't Got Long To Go'**.

Side Two: **'Rodeo'**, **'Never Givin' Up'**, **'Dead Zone'** and **'Future Vision'.**

The band's line-up is **Mike Jurgens** (lead vocals/guitar), **Teggi** (guitar), **Randy Lingham** (bass) and **Steve Dean** (drums).

■ *BLACK DRAGON* issue albums from American band **Ded Engine** (**'Hot Shot'**) and Canadian act **Sacred Blade** (**'Of The Sun & Moon'**) at the end of June.

■ *NEW RENAISSANCE RECORDS* issue albums from Boston band **Executioner** (**'Executioner'**) and **Cerebus** (**'Too Late To Pray'**) in the near future.

'Executioner' features the following tracks: **'Victims Of Evil'**, **'Hell And Back'**, **'Death By The Blade'**, **'Nuclear Nightmare'**, **'Your Life Is Over'**, **'Annihilation'**, **'Stand Up And Fight'**, **'In A Silent Way'**, **'Genocide'**, **'Cyanide'**, **'In The Name Of Metal'** and **'Battlefields'**. The cassette version also contains **'Final Destruction'**.

'Too Late To Pray' has the following track listing: **'Running Out Of Time'**, **'Taking Your Chances'**, **'Distant Eyes'**, **'Too Late To Pray'**, **'Rock The House Down'**, **'Catch Me If You Can'**, **'Talk Is Cheap'** and **'Longing For Home'**. The cassette version also contains the song **'She Burns'.**

■ *EMI AMERICA* have just released the soundtrack to the movie **'Labyrinth'**, which features five new songs from **David Bowie** who also stars in this fantasy film.

■ SHEFFIELD BAND **The Lonely Hearts** have just released a four-track 12" single on the *Tenacity* label. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Believe'** and **'You're The One'.**

Side Two: **'She's A Rocker'** and **'Run'.**

TOUR NEWS

BEKI BONDAGE *(ABOVE)* ***& THE BOMBSHELLS*** *will be appearing at Port Talbot Raffles Club June 26, Cardiff Bogie's 27, Bannockburn Tandhu Club July 2, Perth Plough Inn 3, Wishaw Heathery Bar 4, Wolverhampton Scruples 5, Dudley JB's 11, Coventry General Wolfe 12, Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's 14, Leeds Adam & Eve's Club 15, London Marquee Club 17, Retford Porterhouse 19, Hull Tower Ballroom 20, Southport Ainsdale Club 21, Walthamstow Royal Standard 25.*

The Bombshells feature ***Scott Free/Paul Rooney*** *(guitars),* ***Marc Russell*** *(bass) and* ***Commander Benzo*** *(drums).*

ROGUE MALE have lined up the following dates to back up the release of their new single, **'Belfast'** (due to be released on July 11), and second album, **'Animal Man'** (likely to surface later in July). They play Letchworth Plinston Hall July 5 (with **Wrathchild** and **Kooga**), Coventry General Wolfe 11, Salisbury Arts Centre 12, Newcastle Tiffany's Leaf Rooms 16, Workington Carnegie Theatre 17, Glasgow The Venue 18, Wishaw The Heathery 17. London Marquee Club 22, Leicester The Princess Charlotte 23, Cardiff Bogies 25, Birkenhead Stairways 26.

GENEVA, from Canterbury, will be appearing at Whitstable Harbour Lights on June 23.

CHRIS DE BURGH plays St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum September 12, Birmingham NEC 14, Edinburgh Playhouse 15, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne City Hall 17, Liverpool Empire 21, Manchester Apollo 22, Wembley Arena 27/28.

Tickets are priced at £8.50/£7.50 and are on sale at the relevant box offices. In addition, they can be obtained for the Birmingham show from a number of agency outlets or a credit card hotline on: **021 780 4133.** For the Wembley dates, they can be purchased not only from the usual agency outlets but also by post from: **Chris de Burgh Box Office, PO Box 141, London SW6 5AS,** A 50p booking fee should be added and a SAE *must* be included. There is also a credit card hotline available on: **01 748 1414.**

WARFARE play Sutton Coldfield Golden Lion July 5, Nottingham Mardi Gras 7.

PREYER, from Port Talbot, play the following dates as part of their 'Nights Of The Demons Tour': Cardiff Bogies July 12, Port Talbot Raffles Club 17, Nottingham Mardi Gras 18, Sutton-In-Ashfield The Gold Diamond Club 19, Tonypandy Naval Club August 2, Hereford Market Tavern 8, Bristol The Crown 29, Bugle AFC 30.

FULL MOON, from Surrey, will be appearing at Hammersmith The Clarendon Hotel July 3, Walthamstow Royal Standard 8, Wimbledon William Morris Club 19, Northampton The Black Lion 25.

WRATHCHILD have confirmed the following dates: Southend Ainsdale Country Club June 23, Hull Towers Ballroom 29, Letchworth Plinston Hall July 5 (with **Rogue Male** and **Kooga**), Hammersmith The Clarendon Hotel 6.

THE RENEGADES and **WRITTEN IN YELLOW** have replaced **Virgil Split** and **Feedback** on the bill for Amnesty International's 25th anniversary show at the Birmingham Portland Club on August 23. They join the **Debbie Bonham Band**, the **Burning, Wolfsbane** and the **Gunrunners** (previously known as the **Red Letters**).

THE BABYSITTERS play London Marquee Club June 26 (with the **Pretty Girls**) and 27 (with **Scoundrel**).

INXS will now play a show at Kentish Town Town & Country Club on July 10.

THE GRIP play Bicester The Ex-Servicemen's Club on June 20.

TRIDENT, from Glasgow, will be appearing at Dumbarton Cutty Sark June 26, Glasgow The Doune 28, Kirkaldy St. Clair Tavern July 5, Glasgow The Doune 11, Wishaw Girdwoods Lounge 19, Kilmarnock Vitos 20, Glasgow The Venue 25, Cummock Tupp Inn August 2, Glenrothes Rothes Arms 7, Glasgow The Doune 9, Peebles Crosskeys 22, Glasgow The Doune 30.

THE HELLFIRE CLUB will be playing shows at Stourbridge Town Hall June 27, West Bromwich Coach & Horses July 26, Birmingham The Railway Hotel August 3.

SPIDER play a one-off date at London Marquee Club on July 6. This show will mark the debut of new guitarist **Stu Harwood**. In addition, the quartet release their latest, **Tony Wilson**-produced album through *PRT* during early July. It's titled **'Raise The Banner For Rock 'N' Roll'.**

BIG COUNTRY will appear at Knebworth Park on August 9, alongside headliners **Queen** and **Status Quo**. This is expected to be the Scottish band's only outdoor appearance in the UK during 1986.

SURFACE play a date at Birmingham The Railway on June 28.

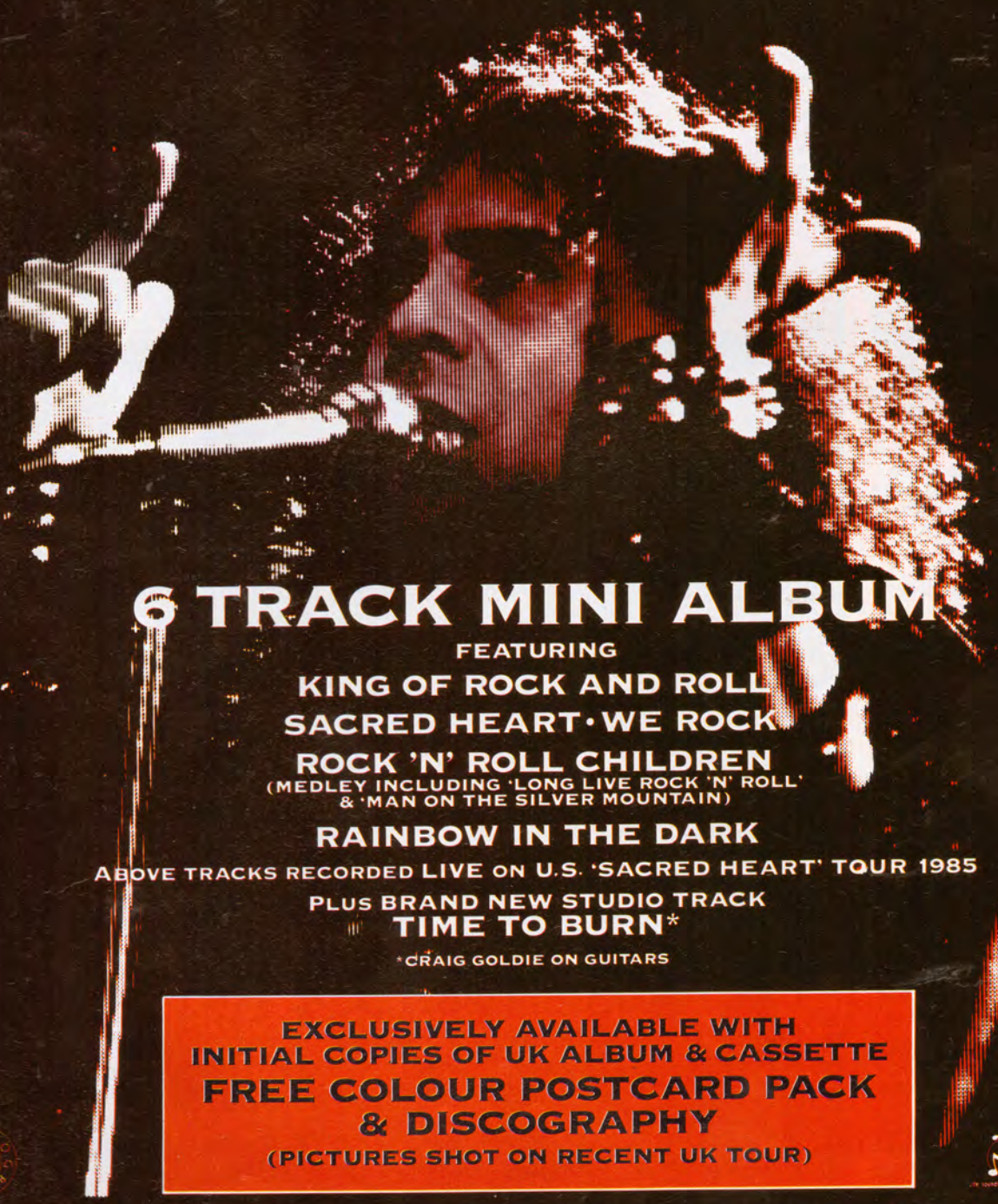
KOOGA play Port Talbot Sandman Club July 11, Porth Llwyncelyn Fields Open Air Festival 19, Tonypandy Naval Club 23.

TOBRUK play London Marquee Club on July 7.

STRANGEWAYS play London Marquee Club on July 2.

DIO

INTERMISSION



6 TRACK MINI ALBUM

FEATURING

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PHONOGRAM

VERTIGO

BOTTLE BOYS

Never mind the *Bollinger*. . . here's MAGNUM! DEREK OLIVER drinks to the band's ever-increasing success while TONY 'THE HAT' CLARKIN gets 'eavy and 'umble

"I'M SURPRISED you had to ask," says Tony Clarkin.

Interviewer ripples note-pad, inspects vegetable stain on front of Gong T-shirt and offers a convulsive giggle. . .

Seriously Tone, does the new stuff sound at all like Magnum?

"Broadly speaking, yes, I suppose it does."

Not an itsy bitsy hint that you might have changed direction?

"Well, now you come to mention it, I suppose it *is* a bit of an advancement from the last album. . ."

Your interviewer is pleased to find 'The Hat' Clarkin, the cosiest man in Metal (as my aunty tagged him), violating his usual shyness. And there's no stopping the bugger now. . .

"Actually," gushes Tony, tickled blue by the intrusion of a crossed line, "this time we've recorded a lot of very happy, optimistic songs, something we've never really been known for in the past. Most of my songs seem to contain a fair degree of sentimentality, but somehow there's a positive vibe running through the material this time; maybe it's because we get up, pull back the curtains and look out across Lake La Monde at a huge bloody mountain every morning!"

Curtains? Mountains? Lakes? But of course! The bearded lyricist and main lick'n'riff supplier for Magnum's distinguished, virulent, vibrant sound can only be referring to Montreux, Switzerland, where the band have been ensconced for the last couple o' months cutting and pasting together their new album: a record that promises to reveal a lot more about the Magnum scheme of things than we've previously had the nerve to ask for. . .

ANYONE WHO'S been caught with half an eye open at regular gigs an' things during the last year can hardly have failed to notice the *presence* of Magnum, those perennial troubadours of decent rock music, and their amazing rise to, well, I suppose they'll have to come to terms with it, *stardom*.

Says Tony: "It really shows you, doesn't it? A lot of people – including ourselves at times – thought they'd heard the last of us, but now we're bigger and better appreciated than ever before. It's a kind of a reward, recording in Switzerland, a reward for all the hard times, the bum gigs and the crap that people throw at you when you're down on the floor. Since we released the 'On A

KONTINUEZ PAGE 8

Pic Fin Costello

TONY 'THE HAT' CLARKIN: "We've come a long way and to fall back down now wouldn't do anybody any good – least of all ourselves"

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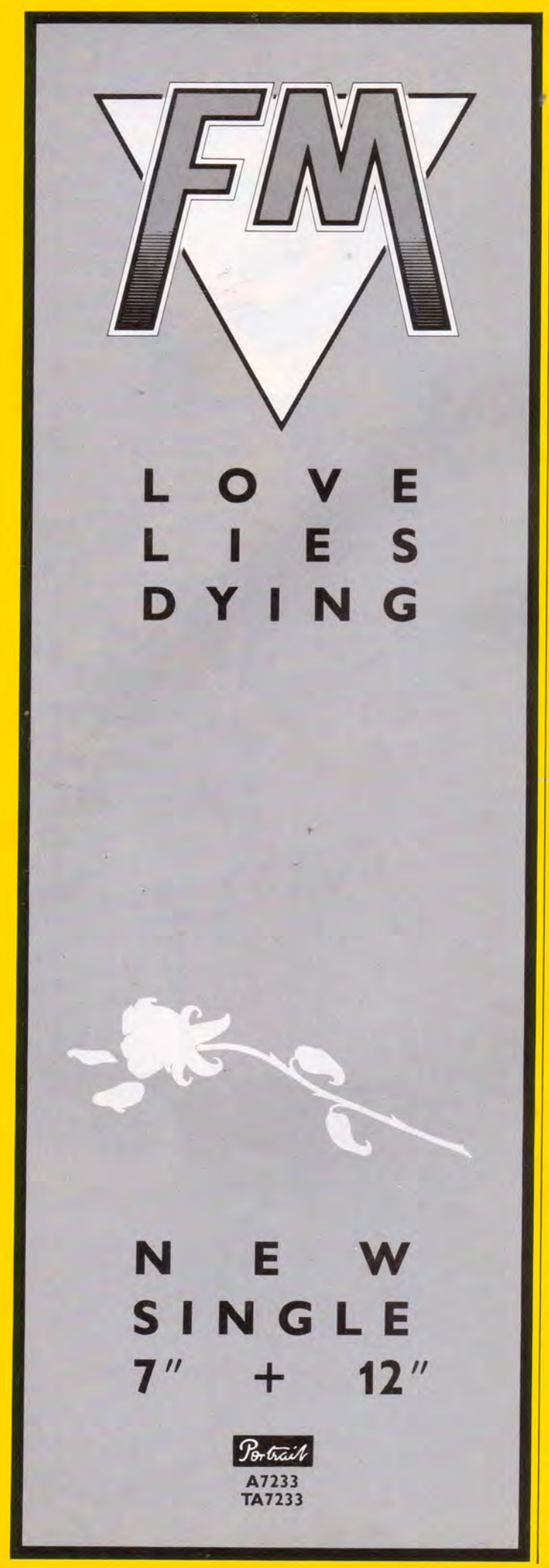

BOYS

FROM PAGE 6

Storytellers Night' album we've been really chuffed about everything that's happened – the last tour especially was *brilliant*. We were stunned, overawed, HUMBLED. . . !"

Erratically brilliant, with their full potential yet to be realised, Magnum have been plagued the last few times I've seen them live by the sort of breakdowns (equipment, scenery) that seem to follow around the best bands of their ilk (probably because they're always trying so hard not to be simply *humdrum*). Still, Magnum are never less than ALIVE, always managing to elicit some kind of a reaction whatever the scenario or the company. . .

Oldy worldy harmonies, wailing, deliriously powerful geetars, whitewashed keyboards and ricocheting rhythmic changes, the band blend them all, fronted by their two leaders; one a swell storyteller (Bob Catley), the other a dark sombre figure crouched over his black *Stratocaster*. It's this man (Clarkin) who really intrigues me, looking so calm, so, uh, *un*-rock'n'roll – until, that is, he starts battering six tons of crap out of his axe. An Ian Anderson for the Eighties, anyone?

"The music is more or less the same," Clarkin continues, straining to be heard over the crackles, "but we've put it together in a more technical fashion. . . Lots of varied sounds and noises from emulators worked into the songs and some great musicianship as well. It's all gain this time with no irritating faults which tend to make you cringe when people ask 'How's it going?' and that sort of thing."

So, what are the new songs like? *Give us a hint. . .*

"OK. There's 'Lonely Night' (the new 45 in 7" and 12" versions), which we played on the last tour; but we've changed it around slightly – the tempo's different now. 'Vigilante' is a rocker that really steams along (incidentally, they plan to open their set at Milton Keynes on June 28 with this one so make sure you've got your 'Thrash Helmet' securely fastened!). 'Back Street Kids' is another one we previewed on the last tour, and then there's 'Midnight' which I wrote in two days (unusual, apparently). We've also done a real epic called 'When The World Comes Down', which is really passionate with lots of harmonies; in fact, it's like a national anthem!"

Scared?

"Yeah, to an extent! We've come a long way and to fall back down now wouldn't do anybody any good – least of all ourselves. I really believe that this album will be the realisation of whatever it is we've been trying to perfect all these years, the writing and production is streets ahead. We've gone and captured it this time. . .whatever *it* is!"

PRODUCTION! Production! Production! Magnum have always been used to working on low, low budgets and meals of ham'n'pickle sandwiches, but this time around they're reaping the benefits of a major label record contract.

Polydor International, the guilty party, have been working themselves up into a lather over the commercial potential of Magnum's material, charitably giving Clarkin's marauders their own choice of producer and studio. They opted for Queen's stick merchant Roger 'Glove Me' Taylor and his partner in grime engineer Dave Richards (who both worked on the Virginia Wolf LP). Why?

"Essentially, they appeared to be meticulous types!"

And have they done a good job?

"Yes, *very* good. Roger understood the band and the production is as perfect for our sort of material as you can achieve. He's a nice guy too, very easy to work with and quite in control of what's happening.

I must admit there were times when I thought to myself, 'Oh God, what's he doing?', but it turned out just fine in the end. . . I do tend to panic at times like that."

Have you ever set fire to your beard?

"Yes, we'll be playing Germany in the Summer, six dates I think."

(I think this is what you call surrealism – Ed.)

Proud in their isolation, sincere in their ambitions and holding a firm belief in themselves and their music, Magnum's time looks like finally arriving when they release their new LP (so far they have only a working title for the opus: 'Let's Talk About Sammy Davis Jnr!' This is unlikely to be used!) in late August prior to their most ambitious tour of the UK mainland to date. And what else is in store?

Well, after their epic performance (I can feel it in my bladder) at Milton Keynes, where I predict they shall blow Marillion into the cesspool, they plan to move on to the international live circuit with gigs already scheduled in Sweden, Germany and Switzerland, not to mention a proposed visit to the USA – Clarkin told me not to tell you about this, threatening to sandpaper my testicles to a fine white powder if I did!

THERE'S ALSO growing evidence that Clarkin is at long last being recognised as an important songwriter in his own right. . . and top hat, of course! Canadian crunchers White Wolf are covering snappy pop rocker 'Just Like An Arrow' and zany New York poetess Patti Smith (*not* Smyth) is said to be back in action with husband/guitarist Lenny Kaye and recording a new LP complete with a cover version of *'Les Morts Dansant'*. Get that!

In this cosy little world of mine, the dazzle of Speed/Death/Frash Metal will go unheeded and Magnum's melody will thrive.

History has proven me right. Remember that.

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ANOTHER FINE 'NESS

LOUDNESS
'Lightning Strikes'
(Atco Records 90512-1)
KKKK

I REMEMBER seeing these Jap Chaps at the *Fulham Greyhound* about three years ago, and although the *Greyhound* is slightly smaller than Tokyo's *Budokan* – a hall where Loudness can sell-out about 84 nights on the trot – they played as if it *was* the Budokan, and I left the pub most impressed.

I'd checked out the band after discovering another Jap outfit, Bow Wow (now known as Vow Wow), and being completely blown away by them. Loudness, I wuz told, were bigger and better than Bow Wow, and although I wouldn't say they're *better*, they certainly are hot stuff. Bursting with smart-ass riffs and 'Wow – look at ME!' guitar tricks, the band are fast, flash, fiery an' forceful, and although Minoru Niihara's broken-English vocals are a bit off-putting, the individual skills of bassist Masayoshi Yamashita, drummer Munetaka Higuchi and especially guitarist Akira Takasaki are quite outstanding.

This new album encompasses all of these (rising) sunny skills and more; nine hefty trax absolutely covered with Takasaki's astounding soloing – and not a ballad in sight, Harry! – plus bags of intricate interplay and mountains of smouldering energy.

But it's the talents of Takasaki that provide the real focal point of 'Lightning Strikes'; this man is Van Halen, Moore and Schenker all rolled into one – a slant-eyed six-string sharp-shooter who breaks the sound barrier with some of his lightning runs. Just cock a 'shell-like' to the solo in '1000 Eyes' or 'Black Star Oblivion', or even 'Street Life Dream', and I guarantee you'll hear some of the fastest, most spectacular Metal guitaring to have emerged this year.

Drummer Higuchi gets *his* chance to shine with 'Who Knows', at the foot of *Side One* – and the boy plays a blinder. But even this isn't a match for 'Ashes In The Sky', a monumental maze of Metal magnificence and the album's *pièce de résistance* for my money. There's no doubt about it, there are times when Loudness can be ear-dazzlingly brilliant. How can I describe them? How about a cross between Iron Maiden and Van Halen – with a few secret ingredients thrown in?

But although these nifty Nips are *technically* damn near faultless, I do wish they were more melodic and worked a bit harder on writing songs with catchy tunes. Four spins on I still can't remember any of the choruses, and this is frustrating as much as it is disappointing.

MARK PUTTERFORD

CRAAFT
'Craaft'
(Epic EPC26880)
KKKK

YOU RARELY go a week in this game without someone somewhere telling you they've got a new band who are "gonna be massive".

German trio Craaft (or should that be Daaft, considering they've chosen a name that's bound to get them confused with that other kraut krew, Kraftwerk?) is the latest potential 'worldwide sensation' to be shoved our way by the *CBS* company.

And without gliding off into streams of superlatives, I'll admit that they're very good, too.

Comprising Klaus Luley (vocals/guitar), Reinhard Besser (guitar) and Franz Keil (keyboards) – yeah, I was wondering where the drums and bass come from as well – Craaft play polished, modern, hi-tech rock of the highest calibre, lightly streaked with strands of Stateside-style commerciality and carefully combed by an appropriately 'Eighties' production, courtesy of Peter Hauke.

Herr Luley has a strong voice which bolsters songs like 'I Wanna Look In Your Eyes' and 'Hold Me', and the keyboard work of Keil is broad and thorough without being stifling.

And then there's the guitar, which gets more than one chance to assert its authority on the album – you have to duck a bit sharpish to avoid getting clobbered by the riffs on tracks like 'Stranger' – and this comfortable balance, paired with a purpose and energy that bubbles close to the surface virtually throughout, keeps the material poised 'n' pouting at all times.

'Breakin' Walls Ain't Easy' particularly holds Craaft in a favourable light; drums flash punches from all angles, a scorching guitar rides high on waves of synths 'n' things and streams of vocals pour through to add those necessary touches of melody.

'I Guess You Are The Number One' and 'Cool Town Lovers' are also live-wire works of modern rock art, and it's really when this tasty trio cut loose with tracks like these that they're at their most effective; it's not that the (perhaps inevitable) ballads, 'You're The Best Thing In My Life' and 'Now That You're Gone', are on the dodgy side – far from it, they're very good in fact – but I prefer to hear the guitar storming to the fore, grabbing the likes of 'Wasted Years' by the knackers and ramming it through your speakers with relish, y'understand!

A pleasing debut effort, though a stronger identity could well be the key that will eventually unlock a few doors of success for this promising Frankfurt trio.

MARK 'Look, I Didn't Mention Zeno Once' PUTTERFORD

JIMMY BARNES
'A Week Away From Paradise'
(Geffen Records 924089)
KKKK

NOTHING, THEY say, succeeds like success; and nothing is more likely to lead you to that success than surrounding yourself with the best people in the business. Jimmy Barnes has roped in more than the occasional 'celeb' for this venture (to my knowledge his first solo outing): Jonathan Cain (Journey), Charlie Sexton, Mick Fleetwood, Kim Carnes . . . and he even got the incomparable Bob Clearmountain to mix the product! Almost as classy a collection as the Bonnie Tyler album, eh?

Whatever happened to Cold Chisel?

And while nothing succeeds like success, nothing is supposed to flatter quite like imitation. Since Bryan Adams is a MASSIVE hit around the world now, everyone's looking to emulate that and I suspect *Geffen* reckon Jimmy Barnes is their boy, just as *Polydor* reckon Brian Spence is their's (watch this space for further developments!). And really that's the only thing that bothers me overly about Jimmy Barnes.

This album displays a far more abrasive character than Adams' records do; plenty of guitars and drums pumped up in the mix like 'Reckless', a grittier approach, but the songs (the majority written or co-written by Barnes) lack the immediacy and commercial rock appeal of Adams' material.

Jimmy Barnes doesn't have a particularly distinctive voice either.

On 'Working Class Man' he sounds close to Springsteen, whereas on 'Boys Cry Out For War' and 'Paradise' he adopts the gravelly tones of a Brian Johnson or even a Dan McCafferty. Which makes you begin to wonder if, aside from a fine vocal range, Jimmy Barnes has something of an identity crisis.

If this sounds like a downer then why the KKKK rating? Because, Goddammit, you can't argue with quality product – even if it is a little on the derivative side – and this is very definitely quality product.

Good, solid, uncluttered production, excellent playing and if Barnes doesn't have a great voice it's certainly very palatable and eminently listenable.

DAVE DICKSON

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 12

METAL MANIA ON VIDEO

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FROM PAGE 10

QUEEN
'A Kind Of Magic'
(Parlophone EU 3509)
KKK

ACTUALLY QUITE a difficult album to assess as six of the nine tracks were written by Queen for 'Highlander' – a film directed by rock-video maker Russell Mulcahy (Duran's 'Wild Boys', *etc*). The question is, how much of it is the 'real' Queen and how much is (hopefully) the result of the constraints/musical slant imposed upon them by writing material to go with a movie?

At one end of the spectrum there's 'Who Wants To Live Forever', a song with overtones of 'Somewhere' ('West Side Story') to it, which almost couldn't be anything *other* than a piece of movie soundtrack. It's powerful, has a rising chorus, is awash with heavy, sentimental orchestration, and can't be called a *rock* song by *any* stretch. 'One Year Of Love', meanwhile, although for the most part a simply-arranged, slow ballad, is similarly 'enhanced' by orchestration during the closing stages.

At the opposite end are the powerchords, the punching, thrusting chorus, the screaming – typically Brian May – guitar and the overall HR performance of 'Gimme The Prize'. Also incorporated into the song are a menacing voice-over, sound effects of clashing sabres and,

FREDDIE MERCURY: this pre-gig guzzling of pints of Dogbolter has gotta stop!

presumably to fit in with the film title 'Highlander', the odd burst of Big Country-style 'bagpipe' guitars.

Occupying the 'middle' ground are the last couple of singles – 'One Vision' and 'A Kind Of Magic' – the strongly *Motown* 'Pain Is So Close To Pleasure' and current single 'Friends Will Be Friends', its anthemic, irresistibly stirring massed-vocal chorus placing it firmly in the 'We Are The Champions' category.

One particularly engaging *rock* track is 'Princes Of The Universe', something of a *pastiche* of many of the elements that have become essentially *Queen* – sharply changing arrangement, heroic vocal, 'Scaramouche choir' *et al* – during the period from 'Sheer Heart Attack' through to 'Fat Bottomed Girls'.

Taken as a whole, 'A Kind Of Magic' is quite a *pot pourri* of musical styles. And it's probably only a band of Queen's stature and breadth of appeal who could put out an album of such diverse songs without disappointing a *sizeable* portion of their fans.

PAUL HENDERSON

RACER X
'Street Lethal'
(Roadrunner RR 9705)
KKKK

RACER X is clearly a showcase for the quite remarkable talents of guitarist Paul Gilbert. Only 19 and already teaching at Hollywood's Guitar Institute Of Technology? Sounds like a right precocious little brat!

He's one of those players who produces notes at such an electrifying speed he makes terms like 'machine-gun' seem totally inadequate. And 'Street Lethal' is actually a pretty good album despite the occasional over-emphasis on 'melt-down' guitar pyrotechnics.

For the most part, Racer X avoid many of the stale songwriting *clichés* which often prevent fine young bands from getting their *playing* abilities fully appreciated and/or rewarded. 'Y.R.O.', 'On The Loose' and especially 'Blowin' Up the Radio' manage to incorporate Gilbert's explosive technique into songs with hooks and overall structure that I wouldn't have been *completely* surprised to find turning up on something like a Van Halen album! Even some of the less outstanding tracks put to shame the writing and playing abilities of many of the so-called 'big names' of heavy rock.

If it wasn't for Jeff Martin's vocals – not actually *bad*, just of the high-pitched, over-the-top vibrato variety that I *personally* can't handle – 'Street Lethal' would be a *very* good album.

PAUL HENDERSON

THE CHURCH
'Heyday'
(EMI EMC 3580)
KK

WHAT A disappointment! The single, 'Tantalised', offered so much promise that I was expecting an album which, whilst perhaps not being *'Kerrang!* material', would give at least *some* reasons to get enthusiastic. *Something* to show that 'Tantalised' wasn't just a flash-in-the-pan, a rose-in-a-bed-of-thorns affair. In fact, there's *very* little here that even comes close to it, and I expect that anyone who buys this album on the strength of that (very good) song is going to be disappointed.

An LP representing the Australian faction of acoustic guitar-based Eighties 'psychedelia', 'Heyday' fails simply due to the poor quality of the majority of the songs and also (probably more so) due to some of these songs suffering from a misguided approach to arrangements.

'Columbus' and 'Roman', both reasonably good numbers, are the only two that I could firmly place on the same side of the fence as 'Tantalised'. I doubt if more than a few would give a *Castlemain XXXX* for 'Heyday'.

PAUL HENDERSON

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 14

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FROM PAGE 12

GENESIS
'Invisible Touch'
(Charisma GEN LP2)
KKKK½

"THIS NEW album is. . .well, it's just what we've been doing this year. . ." Phil Collins told me a few weeks back, and after hearing 'Invisible Touch' it isn't difficult to relate to that simple explanation. The new Genesis album isn't any quantum leap forward – it isn't as relatively progressive as 'Foxtrot' or as intriguing a concept as 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway' – but it is, nonetheless, a super collection of mid-Eighties Genesis songs, written, performed and produced to the skyscraper standards we've come to expect from the band.

'Invisible Touch' also finds Genesis comfortably retaining its identity in the face of Phil Collins' massively successful and very distinctive solo material. Being such a recognisable individual musician, the danger is always that a Genesis album will come out sounding like a *Collins* album, but Tony Banks and Mike Rutherford have each chiselled out a third of this vinyl sculpture, and that's made for a satisfying result.

Sure, the Collins influence shines through on some tracks – 'Invisible Touch' is a pleasant,

PLAYING TO TWIN

THE SUICIDE TWINS
'Silver Missiles And Nightingales'
(Lick LICLP 9)
KKKK

HANOI ROCKS
'Dead By Christmas'
(Raw Power RAW LP016)
KKK

NOW HERE'S a disturbing thing: Doc Doom agrees with me that 'SM&N' is a pretty damn fine album. Worrying, very, very worrying. . .

Still, on with the show. Andy McCoy has been promising (or threatening) to make this album almost as long as I've known him. Over the last year or so he's been going round making a nuisance of himself asking anyone who looked vaguely like a musician if they "want to play on my album?" The end result, complete with assorted Cherry Bombz, an Urban Dog, Patricia Morrison, Mrs Andy (the lovely Anastasia), and others, who all trooped into London's Redwood Studios, is a real gem.

One sultry night in 1982 at Park Gate Studios in Hastings where Hanoi Rocks were recording their 'Back To Mystery City' album, Andy decided he was going to give me a guided tour around his guitar collection. They littered the floor of the studio. Each one he could play to perfection, although the Gibsons were his favourites. Then he hacked at some piano chords on the grand there, complaining that his fingers were too stiff to play properly. As far as the outside world was concerned, Andy McCoy was a Thrash guitarist, flash but ineffectual. So too was his partner, Nasty Suicide. Nasty, confessed Andy, could be a much better guitarist than he, if only he bothered to practice.

"What you should do," I told him, "is record a solo album, maybe just acoustic stuff, and really show them you can play."

This wasn't the first time I'd suggested this. Did it hold any sway with Andy McCoy? Probably not, he probably doesn't even remember it, but it's a nice story, right?

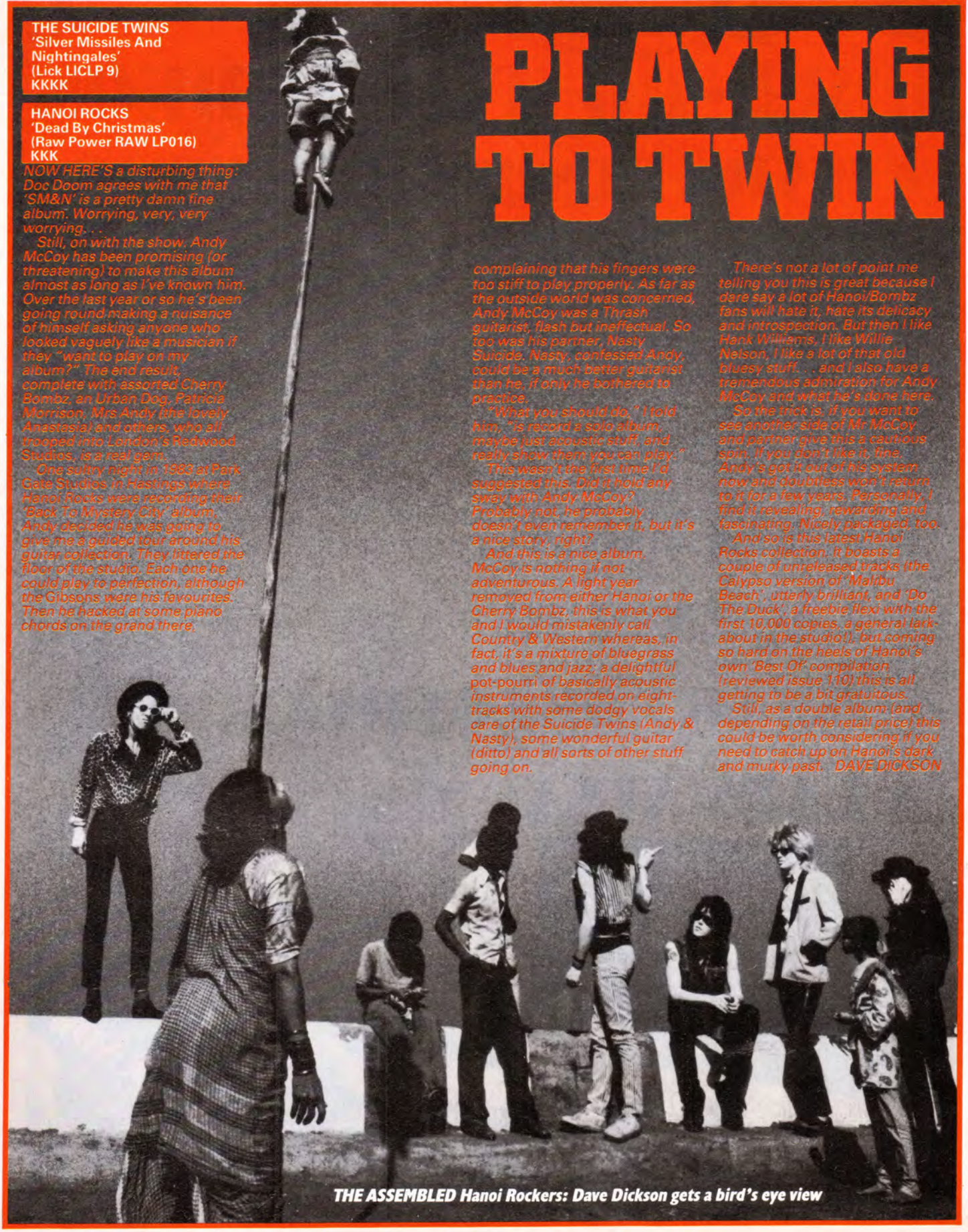
And this is a nice album. McCoy is nothing if not adventurous. A light year removed from either Hanoi or the Cherry Bombz, this is what you and I would mistakenly call Country & Western whereas, in fact, it's a mixture of bluegrass and blues and jazz; a delightful pot-pourri of basically acoustic instruments recorded on eight-tracks with some dodgy vocals care of the Suicide Twins (Andy & Nasty), some wonderful guitar (ditto) and all sorts of other stuff going on.

There's not a lot of point me telling you this is great because I dare say a lot of Hanoi/Bombz fans will hate it, hate its delicacy and introspection. But then I like Hank Williams, I like Willie Nelson, I like a lot of that old bluesy stuff. . . and I also have a tremendous admiration for Andy McCoy and what he's done here.

So the trick is, if you want to see another side of Mr McCoy and partner give this a cautious spin. If you don't like it, fine. Andy's got it out of his system now and doubtless won't return to it for a few years. Personally, I find it revealing, rewarding and fascinating. Nicely packaged, too.

And so is this latest Hanoi Rocks collection. It boasts a couple of unreleased tracks (the Calypso version of 'Malibu Beach', utterly brilliant, and 'Do The Duck', a freebie flexi with the first 10,000 copies, a general lark-about in the studio!), but coming so hard on the heels of Hanoi's own 'Best Of' compilation (reviewed issue 110) this is all getting to be a bit gratuitous.

Still, as a double album (and depending on the retail price) this could be worth considering if you need to catch up on Hanoi's dark and murky past. DAVE DICKSON



THE ASSEMBLED Hanoi Rockers: Dave Dickson gets a bird's eye view

catchy-as-it-pleases pop tune that wouldn't sound out of place on 'No Jacket Required'; 'In Too Deep' is a typical low-lights-glass-of-wine-just-after-midnight ballad that few people write better than Collins; and 'Throwing It All Away' also has Collins written all over it – but, ultimately, the album has a positive 'band' feel about it, and not surprisingly all tracks are credited to the three of them together.

And it's when the three of them *rock out* together that the excitement bubbles to the surface. 'Land Of Confusion' is a brilliant track, built on the dance beat pumped out by Collins' drums and Banks' beefy bass synth, injected with the sporadic slashing of Rutherford's guitar and pungently flavoured by a meaningful middle-eight. And 'Anything She Does' is another uptempo outing, whipped along by Collins' urgent drumming and the sharp interplay between Banks and Rutherford (watch out for a surprise ending, too).

Wedged wonderfully inbetween the 'In Too Deep's and the 'Land Of Confusion's, however, is 'Tonight, Tonight, Tonight', an outstanding slice of modern Genesis. The now-familiar drum machine eases it on its way while weird noises flash by in the distance, and it builds through a mysterious mid-section into one of the album's best tracks. Just *listen* to Collins' drum-work in the second half of the song.

And talking of drumming, wait 'til you hear 'The Brazilian', a Collins percussive extravaganza. Genesis say they try to do something slightly different on every album, and this track more than any other proves their reluctance to tread water.

Finally, there's 'Domino', a two-part, Banks-inspired opus that spreads broadly across the shoulders of *Side Two* and notes again the fact that Genesis aren't afraid to experiment; I mean, could you imagine the Genesis of a few years ago doing a song with a pulsating disco beat along the lines of Sylvester's 'You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)'? I bet not!

But anyway, let me stress that 'Domino' couldn't be further from a dance-floor duff-cut; rather, it's probably the album's masterpiece. New ideas, new sounds, but still very definitely *Genesis*.

". . .It's us in '86," said Mr. Collins. And that should be enough to persuade you to pillage your pockets.

MARK PUTTERFORD

CANEDY, FEINSTEIN, BORDONARO & CAUDLE
'Hollywood'
(Zebra Records ZEB 8)
KK

A ROD by any other name would smell as sweet. 'Hollywood' stinks. From anyone else it might be OK, but from former Rods – *hell*, there was a time when that group was the *saviour* of American heavy rock, whacking the safe, drippy, smooth-as-a-eunuch's-profile US apology for HM right round the head, a group that was dirty, greasy, tough and generally an all-round sight-for-sore-ears.

And here they are, with a new name that just rolls off the tongue like some LA Mafioso lawyers firm (Zale, the keyboard player, hasn't been made a partner yet), a new singer, Rick Caudle, who sounds like he'd be happier in some Tom Jonesy hotel lounge band, and a new album, 'Hollywood' (what're *Rods* doing calling an album 'Hollywood' for Chrissakes?!), that sounds like it's crawling on its knees to get onto the American radio they once gave the finger to.

'Prisoner Of Love' starts the album off as it means to go on: major wimphem intro, the acoustics and crooning doing the big build-up bit before exploding into AOR action. Ditto 'Love Is Pain' – 'Stairway To Heaven'-ish intro then build-up. Despite the 'sweet lady' lyrics, they can't keep a good man down in the case of David 'Rock' Feinstein, who throws in some jagged-edge guitar. 'Tokyo Rose' – same thing again, with twiddly-twiddly keyboards thrown in.

'Make Your Move is a bit better, but the only fine moment is closing track 'Mississippi Queen', which along with *Side Two*'s closer 'Money' earns them the double stars. 'Mississippi Queen' is a real Xavierian bone-grinder, all dirt and grease and Suvern stomp. Great!

Side Two's generally better, especially when moments of pure Rod-dom emerge, as in 'Money' and 'Heat Of The Night'. They've still got it; it's a mystery why they're not using it. I look forward to the next five-star *real* Rods LP.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

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FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

TREDEGAR
'Tredegar'
(Aries Records CEPLP 001)
KKK½

YOU'VE GOTTA admire Tredegar. Unsigned, unheralded, this Welsh-based act have spent the past couple of years piping their traditional British rock fragrance across the UK, earning scarcely any media attention. And the A&R departments at most labels have probably been too busy picking vinyl splinters out of padded arses to worry about a five-piece who play with proficiency, write neat'n'tidy melodic tunes. . . yet don't exactly have females going a bundle on their sultry good looks!

Thus, faced with indifference, this band (headed by ex-Budgie men, drummer Ray Phillips and guitarist Tony Bourge) elected to find enough money between 'em from various sources and put out their own album. And, by the opening heavens, they've made more than a decent job of it! The packaging is amongst the finest I've seen over the past couple of years, featuring not only a gatefold sleeve but also an embossed (not to mention expensive) front cover, all lovingly put together in a manner to set to shame many so-called top rock designers, our own 'Krusher' excepted, *naturellement!*

And the music is pretty nifty as well, with the lengthy 'Battle Of Bosworth' holding the attention through changes of pace and charges of power from passionate onrushing embraces through to cleverly intricate, folk-inspired strums. 'Duma', also put out as a single, is sufficiently well-contrived to have a blast at the charts and the remaining cuts are far more than gasps of mediocrity as many might have expected. Throughout, Phillips (a tightly-set skinsman) and Bourge (a much-underrated guitarist) are well supported by lead vocalist Russ North, guitarist Andy Wood and bassist Mike Taylor. . . and if you're fed up with Thrash and are on the lookout for a British band with a hint of pomp, a zest for solid, working class musical muscle and a genuinely strident bravura, then Tredegar are for you.

Copies can be obtained by sending £6 (incl. p&p) to: *New House Farm, Trefil, Tredegar, Gwent, South Wales NP2 4HD.* Go on, support a worthy, self-financed cause!

MALCOLM DOME

SAVATAGE
'Fight For The Rock'
(Atlantic 781 634-1)
KKK

NOW HERE'S a band with an identity problem. One minute Savatage are going all out to pound us into oblivion, y'know, the 'Spïnal Tap'-cucumber-down-the-trousers *cliché!* Then you turn around and, whammo, they're getting all mushy and gooey with a bit of bombastic balladry! Journey or Mötley Crüe? Now *that* is the question.

I'd lay a hefty wager on the fact that John Waite's managers, Steven Machat and Rick Smith, had a fair amount to do with the. . . er. . . song side of the band. Heavily involved as 'executive producers', they surely must have encouraged Savatage to go strummety-strum that weeny bit more.

The likes of 'Out In The Streets' and 'Lady In Disguise' are actually pretty convincing in the silk hanky stakes, and complemented by covers of 'Day After Day' and 'Wishing Well', I reckon that Savatage could actually make an AOR go of things.

When Criss Oliva starts to take the axe-wielding bit a whole lot more seriously, however, things take a slight downward slide. The riffs that are supposed to carry the likes of 'Fight For The Rock' and 'Hyde' are not really *that* hot and do tend to fall into the time-honoured 'Metal By Numbers' syndrome!

Is this a great pop band bursting out of leathers or is this a Metal band being tempered to get to where they're supposed to be going? Or, perhaps more importantly, does anyone really care who or what they are?

HOWARD JOHNSON

JAMES 'JY' YOUNG
'City Slicker'
(FM Records WKFM LP 69)
KKK

ACCORDING TO 'JY', Styx will definitely return one day, and I would like to point out that such a weighty threat is indeed a mighty inducement to buy and love this album!

Styx belong to an epoch past, a time forgotten, an era before Ronnie James Dio had started on about dungeons, dragons and fair maidens! Fine fun at the time, but not for today's palate!

'JY' IN Styx days: 'an epoch past, a time forgotten. . .'

So what's 'JY' been up to of late? After being left at the starting blocks by the solo aspirations of former Stygian sidekicks Tommy Shaw and Dennis De Young, he's finally linked up with keyboard whizz Jan 'Miami Vice' Hammer to record an album that's unlikely to stir or offend.

I always believed 'JY' was the base Metal element in Styx, but 'City Slicker' doesn't kick an infinite amount of ass – meatier than such limp offerings as Styx's 'Kilroy Was Here' and 'Cornerstone', but not exactly Anthrax either.

No interesting playing details, fact finders, not from this white label copy anyway. But, to be frank, 'Waiting', 'No Mistake', 'Something To Remember You By' and the others don't exactly induce you to uncover more.

HOWARD JOHNSON

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AN AMERICAN PRAYER

With their long-awaited Garden Party at *Milton Keynes Bowl* set for June 28, MARILLION's career continues to go from strength-to-strength in the UK. But what of America? Can such a uniquely *British* band gain *true* success in a land where people lamely label their music 'kind of trippy'? MICK WALL joins FISH and Co. on their first serious US tour and attempts to find out . . .

SHIVERING UNDER a grey mid-morning light, the taste of ash on my lips and sleep in my hair, the radio murmuring from the far wall whilst the bedside phone jangles and stops, jangles and stops, jangles and . . .

On the 'blower', when I get to it, is Marillion's tour manager Paul Lewis.

On the radio is something called Happy Sam Houston, resident Country DJ on one of the hundreds of obscure local stations here in San Francisco.

And on the floor sits a half-dead Bloody Mary, stained and dirty with last night's late kisses.

"Uhhh . . . Mick, it's uhhh . . . it's Paul. Are you awake and together? Uhhh . . . We'll be leaving the hotel for the airport in half an UHHH UUHHHHH . . . Are you awake?"

I can sense bits of Paul's road-ruined *pysche* flaking into the phone. In the background, good old Happy Sam leans into his radio mike, and in a voice that sounds like it's been murdered slowly by whiskey, he bawls:

"Awright! That thar wuz a good ol' boy – sadly, no longer of this earth – goes by the name of Gram Parsons. An' rart now we've got sumthin' cummin' up on KAY EMM EEE *SEEE* garr'nteed to sep'rate dem men folk from the boize, oh yeah, Lord Gosh O'Mighty! It's Johnny Cash and a reet purdy li'l thang a'his called . . ."

MEMORIES OF the last 36 hours shift and flash in my mind like a mental cut-up. It began at Heathrow Airport with a 10.00 am flight-ticket to San Francisco, *via* Los Angeles. By 9.00 am I'd checked my bags, swanned through passport control and ordered my first serious Bloody Mary of the day . . . This was going to be a long flight and I wanted my stomach *prepared* and *ready* when the time came for me to shovel down some of that steaming horse-shite they call dinner on a 12-hour trans-Atlantic trip.

I gobbled down the last of my stash between my second and third Mary, then sat back and waited for them to call for boarding. A voice came over the tannoy:

"*British Airways* flight BA207 to San Fancisco has been delayed until . . ."

I didn't hear it the first time, by then the Mary and me had a good thing going, and then somehow my brain caught hold of the fact that I wasn't going nowhere until the voice came back on the air and told me to. I listened harder, the sweat crawling down the back of my shirt, my mouth full of sand . . .

"Passengers for *British Airways* flight BA207 will now board the aircraft at 2.00 pm. *British Airways* apologises for the delay . . ."

I wasn't going to make it. Four more hours till flight time? Jesus! I'd set my body-clock to go off with an almighty f**king bang in *exactly* four hours when, by everything holy and just, I should have been hurling empties at the miniature chicken-shit in-flight movie screen. In another four hours – with or without the technological assistance of an airborne machine – I was going to be *flying*, cruising at an insane and impossible speed towards the wide blue yonder, red lakes where my eyes used to be, my tongue swollen and dangling like a snake coiled around my head . . .

My mind chewed slowly on the strange scenes I knew I was going to have to watch while those four hours finally drove both me and the rest of the early morning bar mad . . . WHAT ARE YOU BASTARDS AT

FISH: "I'm too tired right now, it's stupid, I've got to give myself some rest . . . but I tell you this, I am going to be a *new man* when this band plays at *Milton Keynes* . . ."

BRITISH AIRWAYS TRYING TO DO TO ME? IS SOMEBODY UP THERE TRYING TO *BREAK ME?* IS THAT IT? WHO IN HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DEALING WITH HERE? *THE VICARAGE RAPIST?* SO THAT'S YOUR FILTHY PLAN . . . WELL, YOU PICKED ON THE WRONG JOE THIS TIME, BIMBOS! ME AND THE MARY COULD USE SOME ACTION . . .

Jesus . . . Did I say that or did I just think it? I was wobbling, by this time, keeping a tight grip on my cigarette, trying to level out. Finally, I hit on a plan. As long as I stayed nailed to the bar I was safe; keep drinking, just another nasty drunk pissed off with a four-hour hole in his schedule and best left alone.

I kept drinking. By the time the flight was called at 1.45 I couldn't walk straight, I couldn't focus my eyes on anything but my shoes, and the nasty little bitch who stole my boarding pass, a small brunette posing as a *British Airways* stewardess, threw me a mirthless cold smile that told me she already knew I was carrying my own flask of chilled Mary in my satchel, and that somehow in some evil way she would make me pay for it later. By the time I reached my seat I'd done enough travelling for one day; I couldn't let the world suffer my poor open eyes a minute longer. . . and, eventually, out went the lights.

DUSK HAS fallen in San Francisco when the plane touches down onto the asphalt runway, and the ride from the airport to the hotel is just long enough for me to start piecing my professional act back together. Since the start of the year, the lion's share of my time has been swallowed-up researching material for the official Marillion book, which the band hired me late last year to write for them. So far, this has meant covering as many shows as I can tuck under my belt, filling what has amounted to nearly 50 hours of interview tape, and silently praying that I can lash the whole nervous deal together at some later unspecified date in the not-too-distant future when my doctor assures me that, given the right corrective treatment followed

KONTINUEZ OVER

Pic Ross Halfin

PRAYER

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

by as little as ten days of restful sunshine basking like an alligator on some likely foreign shore, I just *might* be able to pull this one off without losing too many famous friends.'

Relatively speaking, Marillion's last British tour was a breeze; throat infections and the odd paranoic attacks one hangover after another will give any 'official biographer' notwithstanding, the band were riding the crest of a wave that began for them almost a year ago now with the cathartic release of their 'Misplaced Childhood' album, and every single night weaved its own magic spell. From the *Capitol Theatre* in Aberdeen to the eighth night at the *Hammersmith Odeon* in London, everywhere Marillion cast their theatrically scripted show, the balconies bounced and the stalls ran like savages for the front of the stage.

But as the tour ran closer to its tumultuous *finale*, and with the official announcement that the band were now to headline their own Garden Party before 70,000 believers at the *Milton Keynes Bowl* on June 28, underneath everything the Marillion management organisation were busy laying plans for the band's first *serious* tour of America. In the two years since I first introduced myself to Marillion, to frontman Fish actually, at the bar after a concert at the *Edinburgh Odeon* way, way back on the 'Fugazi' tour of '84, the subject of possible future American stardom, or infamy, has never appeared high on the conversational agenda.

Indeed, Marillion's three previous visits to America have amounted to one incontrovertible disaster after another . . .

Their first, in the Summer of '83, was brought to an untimely halt mid-tour with the sacking of then-drummer Andy Ward, whose disturbed mental balance brought the whole band machine to its knees in the lobby of a *Holiday Inn* in New York; the second, a year later down the line, again never got further than the East Coast, with a smattering of club gigs unsupported and unfrequented by the band's US record company, *Capitol*, and a lot of accumulated band time and money disappearing into a hole in the sky. Two months later they returned, gluttons for punishment, and supported Rush over five miserable nights at *Radio City Music Hall* in New York, where the audience proved more hostile and frankly insulting than any Marillion had known before, booing the band into an emotional and angry oblivion every time they stepped on stage.

And that's been the extent of Marillion's American achievements. Until now, that is . . .

THE FURORE brought about by the dual releases of the single 'Kayleigh' and the album 'Misplaced Childhood' has opened the vault doors at last for Marillion in America. This latest US tour is regarded as the first major step the band will make if they are to enjoy a career here of any real significance. Half the time they are opening the show for Rush (by special request, this time, of bassist/vocalist Geddy Lee) at giant 20,000-capacity arenas throughout the Mid-West, and the remainder of their time is going to be spent headlining their own 'club' shows; in America, a club might hold 2,000 people one night, maybe 500 the next. And, as reviewed back in issue 117, to pep up the package *Capitol* have released a mini-album, 'Brief Encounter', and a single, 'Lady Nina', the UK flipside to the 'Kayleigh' single but never-before-released Stateside.

MTV are already showing the 'Lady Nina' video and 'Brief Encounter' is set to pierce the bleeding heart of the *Billboard* Hot 100 any day now, and the whole thing goes round and round in my head slowly like a fog as the taxi pulls over and lets me out at the steps of the People's Temple in San Francisco, next door to one of the most legendary rock clubs in the world, the *Filmore West*.

Jim Morrison and the Doors, Jimi's Experience, the Grateful Dead, the Stones; throughout the late, late Sixties and the first half of the savage Seventies, the *Filmore West* played host to all these people and more. Indeed, the profile of the *Filmore* was characterised by the special class of rock artist they chose to represent most at a time in the history of rock music rich with the personalised visions of magic acts who eventually communicated their secret messages, as much as their bohemian meditations, to a generation.

When the club closed down in the mid-Seventies, it stayed that way, cold and empty for the next ten years. Recently re-opened, the *Filmore* tonight plays host to Marillion, and 1,000 Friday night customers have turned the event into a sold-out-hottest-ticket-in-town draw . . .

"TONIGHT WE will be following in the footsteps of the f**king immortals!" cries Fish, his tall frame shaking with laughter. Backstage at the *Filmore*, huddled into a space dominated by giant flight-cases and a drinks table, the Marillion clan are gathered for their first-ever live performance *anywhere* in California, and the atmosphere is edged with excitement.

Whether it's the Mary, the jet-lag, or the evil stash still poking hot grubby fingers into the backs of my eyes, I don't know, but everybody looks like they're bouncing up and down.

KONTINUEZ PAGE 22

***MARILLION ONSTAGE** in America: the band elected not to pander to US audiences by playing a Greatest Hits-type live package . . . it was the whole of 'Misplaced Childhood', take it or leave it!*

Pic Ross Halfin

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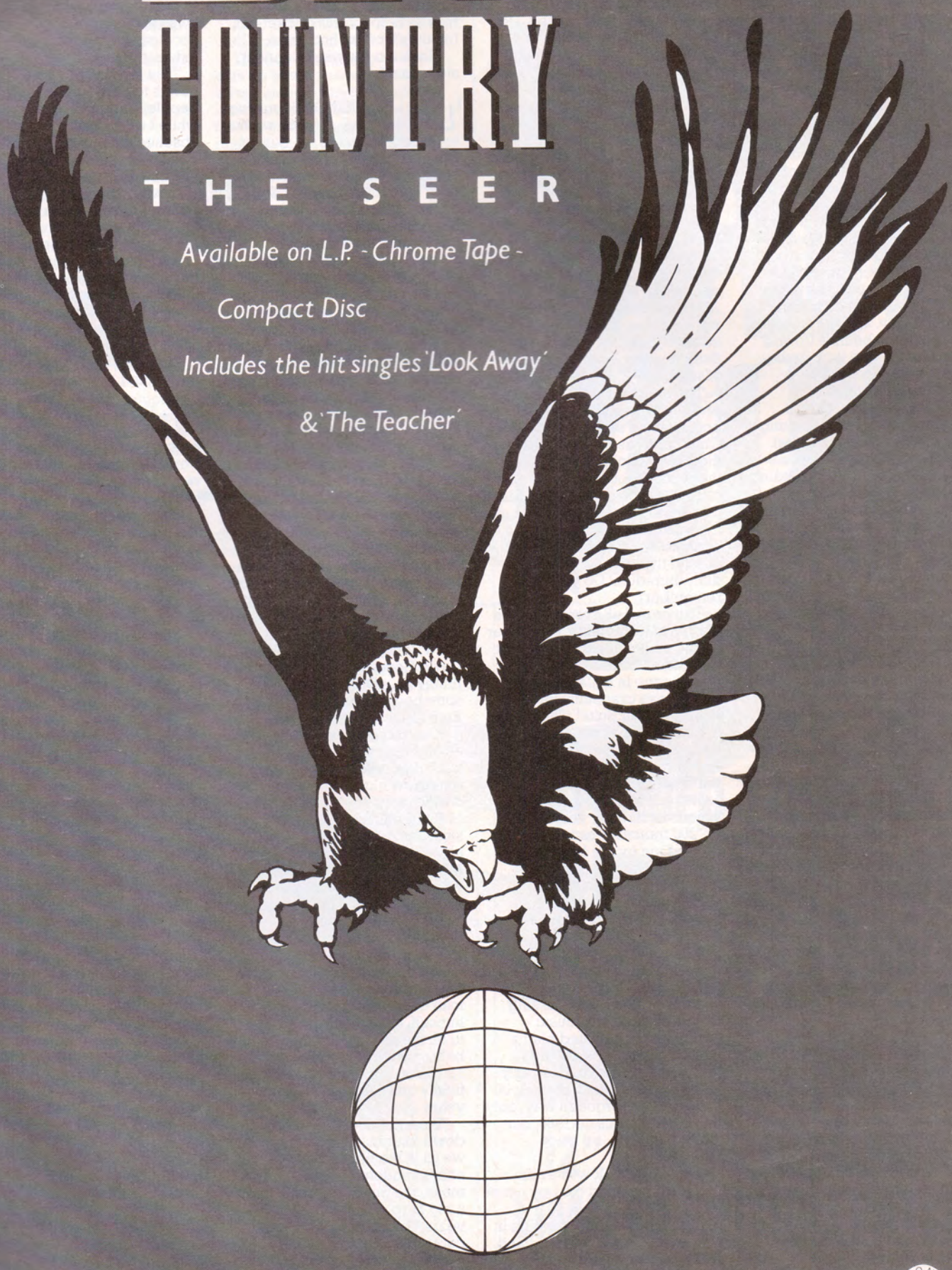

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PHONOGRAM

PRAYER

FROM PAGE 20

Bassist Pete Trewavas always looks likes he's bouncing up and down before a gig, nothing strange there, but right now I'm backed up into one corner of the room, sucking in crap American beer, peering over a sea of laughing heads all bobbing up and down . . . keyboards player Mark Kelly looks like he's trying to head-butt Fish with an enormous, leering, Irish smile; manager John Arneson is hovering at a 45-degree angle cackling into tour manager Paul Lewis' ear; Rod Smallwood, Iron Maiden's manager also working for Marillion as their American consultant, is waving his arms and lathering with guitarist Steve Rothery, and the whole bunch of them bounce up and down like f**king jack-in-the-boxes, on their toes and accepting everything.

The feeling backstage is contagious, and I start rocking gently on the balls of my feet. Then a parting of the sea occurs, the heads stop colliding for a moment, and I see drummer Ian Mosley; standing in the opposite corner of the room, perfectly still and quietly grinning, sipping a cold *Coke* and pulling on a *Benson*, land in sight just across the sea, and I know that tonight's show has 'PARTY' written all over it . . .

"THE THIEVING Magpie' intro begins its dance and the lights slowly dim. Two guys at the bar gaze at the stage. One says:

"Well, what the f**k are they like? Kick ass or *what?*"

The other guy pulls a face and shakes his head.

"I hear they're kind of trippy."

Kind of trippy, I think. Yeah, sometimes. Definitely *that*. And then I turn the bar off and throw my own gaze towards the stage. What's it gonna be for the Americans, then? Marillion are headlining tonight, and that means the full set, unlike the Rush shows where they arrive on stage, go straight into the whole of 'Misplaced Childhood', and split.

Before the American tour began, I half-expected the band to piece together their own version of a 'Greatest Hits' type live package, at least on the Rush dates; 'Assassing', 'Fugazi', 'Kayleigh', maybe even a mutated waltz through 'Lady Nina', who knows? But no. Never in a million royalty cheques, pal. Marillion do things the easy way the record company tells them to? Yeah, and sometimes it snows in August . . .

Intrinsically, the same set-up, minus the big light-show production, that we saw in Britain at the start of the year, the curtains part to reveal the band striking up the intro to 'Emerald Lies', before *segueing* theatrically into 'Script For A Jester's Tear', and the amazing part of it all is the screams of delight from the audience. I didn't expect that to happen until we got to 'Kayleigh', and for a moment I'm truly baffled. Do these people *know* this number? And does that mean they know the album too?! Has it started then, already? And so soon? America! America! Do you *re-a-lise*?

When Fish dedicates 'The Web' to "the people who waited three years for us to come and play here", the shouts and the screams are deafening, and if only a couple of hundred of them started to holler for 'Grendel' you could close your eyes and almost imagine yourself at Leicester's *De Montfort Hall*. Only, of course, no-one does. That would be *too* strange, even for a place like San Francisco and people like Marillion.

The biggest and most profound cheer of the night occurs at the start of 'Misplaced Childhood', as Fish walks from the shadows of the wings into the follow-spot's blue rays, that cigarette glowing between his fingers, those eyes seeking out the true face of this new audience waiting to greet him . . . and then dum-dum-dum! dum-dum-dum! Do you remember?

The crowd all come in on the chorus and 'Kayleigh' works her magic on her second continent; 'Lavender' tinkles like champagne in a glass and the band move gracefully into the heart of 'Bitter Suite'. The mood is black and palpable as Fish descends into the emotional *maelstrom* of 'Blue Angel', the band splintering and exploding as he molests his own poetic visions before our very eyes:

"200 francs for sanctuary and she led me by the hand/To a room of dancing shadows where all the heartaches disappear/And from the glowing tongues of candles I heard her whisper in my ear. . ."

The audience is transfixed under the hard-eyed gaze Fish hands them, the perpetual shadow of The Jester passing across his face, the music scaling those elevated plains inhabited, perhaps, by only a few; like Pink Floyd, like early Genesis, yes, like all of them in some buried forgotten way, only this is San Francisco 1986, not '68 . . .

"THAT THAR wuz a tune from a good ole boy name of. . ."

Happy Sam is still gurgling in my ear as I leave with the band in the bus for the airport, cracking our way across the little white lines of the road the next morning.

I mention the vicarage rapist.

"I couldn't believe all that business about the rapist being a Marillion fan just because he's got a f**kin' web tattooed on his hand," says Fish. I tell him how the evening news on TV in Britain kept flashing on line-up shots of the band, and he shakes his head and mumbles, "They may have found *his* cricket bat, but they'll never find *mine*. . ."

I look out the window and it starts to rain.

THE LIMOUSINES sit purring outside LAX Airport, waiting to ferry the band to the *Sunset Marquis* Hotel. Tonight's show at the *Roxy Club*, seated next door to the *Rainbow Bar & Grill* on Sunset Boulevard, is the most important Marillion will present this far into the tour. Los Angeles is where the biggest record company wheels like to conduct their business, and this is the band's first visit to town. Two nights have been booked – Saturday and Sunday – and both dates sold out as soon as the announcement was made. By 2.00pm a long line of fans is already gathered on the street outside the main entrance, standing in the rain patiently waiting to find out if the club has any floor-space left for them to squeeze into later that night.

Soundcheck is at five, and while the band go through the motions of seeking out the right acoustic balance, Paul Lewis is busy trying to make sense of the guest list. Amongst the higher-ups of the record company who want to book tables for the show, tonight's list also includes David Coverdale, Bob Seger, Jimmy Bain from Dio and somebody called David Lee Roth (plus *entourage)*.

Also staying at the same hotel as Marillion are Robbin Crosby from Ratt, who wants a seat for tomorrow night's show, and a certain gentleman by the name of Phil Collins, who, it must be said, has not as yet expressed any desire to catch either of Marillion's two shows, but whose possible presence is enough to leave Fish wringing his hands nervously.

Fish has enough on his mind as it is, he says, without being called upon to perform in close quarters before the only other man in the world, besides himself, to successfully attempt to fill the shoes Peter Gabriel left behind when, for whatever spurious or private reasons, he finally quit Genesis all those years ago.

"I just hope he doesn't come down tonight," Fish admits while we sit in the bar at the *Rainbow* after soundcheck is over. "I mean, the guy's obviously been a big hero of mine, over the years," he reflects. "And of course I'd love him to see the band play, but please God not f**king tonight of all nights!"

Fish is worried about his voice. It's taken a lot of punishment since he arrived in America; the long round of press and radio interviews, the long rounds making the bar after the show, and the even longer rounds he's made singing from the heart in city-after-city across the mad neon-sprawl of this huge new nation, have all conspired to chew away at the top register of his vocal range, and now it's almost exhausted.

"The last thing I need right now is to have Phil Collins, of all people, standing there tonight while I try and hit notes there is absolutely no way I am going to be able to reach. F**k it. I tell you this, I am going to be a *new man* when this band plays at *Milton Keynes*," he says. "I'm too tired right now, it's stupid. I've got to give myself some rest."

Just then some bright boy in the club snaps on a tape of 'Misplaced Childhood' and we both sit and listen, in uncomfortable silence, to the spirit rising to speak its mind. . .

They don't call it *Bloody* Mary for nothing.

"THIS SONG is about the people who choose to walk the perimeters of this world . . . And this next song is very respectfully dedicated to John Belushi!"

'Psuedo Silk Kimone' arrives like a mist after dark and the *Roxy cognoscenti* howl and beat the air with their fists. Five minutes ago, while Pete and Steve led the audience through the chanting climax of 'The Web', while a packed dance-floor were being punched and hooked left and right by the sweet swing of things, backstage Fish was going crazy. The onstage monitors are not working properly; he can't hear one word of what it is he's singing. And Fish is *freaking*.

Trapped mid-performance, the adrenalin ripping through his body, he stands in the dressing room screaming abuse at the walls. And then he pulls back his right arm way past his shoulder, makes a giant fist and smashes it into the wall, just above manager John Arneson's head. By the time Steve Rothery is stroking out the opening chords to 'Kayleigh' the vocal monitor roadie has been sacked and led away quickly from the scene of his crime.

Nobody in the crowd notices a thing, and the set proceeds with all the customary majesty and aplomb.

David Coverdale stands near the front of the stage following everything with his eyes throughout the whole show. Bob Seger is introduced to John Arneson and afterwards John looks over at Paul Lewis and asks, "Who *was* that guy? He looked sort of familiar . . . He's not from the record company is he?"

"I don't know," says Paul. "He looked a bit like Kenny Rodgers to me. . ."

As things turned out, David

Lee Roth didn't show up, but somebody who looked a hell of a lot like him did, and so what anyway. As the 'Misplaced Childhood' set-piece reaches its twisted vortex, I glance around and for the first time I notice that every f**king table in the house is standing and clapping along. Freaks! Every f**king one of them! And I lean over and catch me a waitress by the hair and whisper the magic words "MORE MARY, AND FAST!" into her ear.

After the show Fish is not going to be happy, and that's a real shame because he wasn't out front, but I was, and truthfully, none of us were concerned with his monitor problems – how were any of us to know anything about that anyway? No. Me and all the other 'hip' LA droogs were far too busy with our own happy raptures to get caught-up in the earthbound deliriums of a delinquent rogue monitor-system.

What the US record company made of it all, I can only guess. As a showcase, the concert was a marvel, the band too lucid and unafraid for failure to even be considered, and I'm sure the worthy *Capitol* execs present didn't need a pocket calculater to tell them that at the end of Marillion's rainbow there is a pot of gold with the dollar sign embossed upon it. But did their minds travel any further than that? I didn't ask, the answers would all be far too convoluted.

When the band return for the first encore, 'Fugazi', Fish goes into a rap about the childhood memories he has of the Vietnam war, how it was the first real war that a generation purposefully protested against, right up to the bitter end and beyond. He finishes by describing "This next song" as a "prayer . . . And this is called 'Fugazi'. . ." One of Marillion's finest pieces: a dark statement from our correspondent of doom sending you this final message, infamous last words of a dying breed, 'Fugazi' is reactionary and raw with wounds that don't heal.

The Los Angeles audience eats up every moment furiously, swept along by every macabre lyrical nuance, following all the curves and textures of the melodic counterpoint. 'Fugazi' is powerful, jaws snapping at your Achilles heels with venom, and all the breath sails out of my body when it finishes with Los Angeles singing WHERE . . . ARE . . . THE *PROPHETS* . . . WHERE . . . ARE . . . THE *VISIONARIES* . . . WHERE . . . ARE . . ?

Then 'Garden Party' and 'Market Square Heroes' are *segued* together, with an improvised burst of 'Let's Twist Again Like We Did Last Summer' thrown in for laughs, and I swear I saw Red Smallwood twisting like it was still 1962 somewhere in the crowd. It was that kind of a gig.

TOMORROW IS going to be another hangover. I'm sure of it. Americans like to mix their drinks extra strong, and right now Marillion would like to gulp down the whole bloody world in one long, hard swallow. A month after the two shows at the *Roxy*, Marillion return to LA for two performances at the *Wiltshire Theatre* across town, and 4,000 people will come to see them.

Where will it all end? It's a good question, soldier.

For now, right here. Like the man said, the game is over. . .

Pic Ross Halfin

JESTERS THREE (l-r): Fish, Mick Wall and Pete Trewavas

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DANTE BONUTTO braves rain, narrowly avoids an anti-apartheid demonstration and survives the TV-screened England v Morocco World Kup match to venture out in the fjords with GARY MOORE in Stockholm. Pix ROSS HALFIN

THERE WERE those who felt that Gary Moore shouldn't have played in Stockholm. A feeling in the more hardened arteries of the city that the man and his band – Neil '*Svenbo*' Carter, Bob Daisley and Gary Ferguson – ought not to have been there . . . at least not as support act to Queen, the Freddie Four being anything but royal in the eyes of some.

They were crowning the bill, with Gary and Co in the middle and Treat (local highlight heroes in fringes, spandex and sparrow legs) getting things underway: *Råsunda Fotbollstadion* was the chosen site and the turnout good, a sell-out in fact, 35,000 boyz and gurlz, *Sven* and women, packed terrace-to-terrace tight and determined to enjoy themselves despite the rain . . . Yes, *of course* it rained, simply chucked it down (this was a festival, after all), which I guess to some was divine retribution, a suitably acid shower directed the way of the Queen Machine whose past exploits include a visit to South Africa. 'Fraid so.

Whatever the reason for the downpour, however (celestial crop-spraying?), there was no escape, no dry-spot to be found; the crowd hid themselves beneath umbrellas and the bands, well, they just had to get wet, the rim of the stage where the mikes were positioned being open to the elements. Gary found his figgers slippin' and slidin' along a very damp fretboard, not ideal playing conditions certainly but better than going onstage tanked-up to the gills; a 16-year-old Moore did that once (and once *only*) and it's an experience he's never managed to shift . . .

"Oh, never again! It's a real shock when you see three guitar necks and your hand isn't on *any* of them!!"

Three guitar necks? Pah! Crüe man Mick Mars, I'm assured, never goes onstage until he can spot *at least* half-a-dozen. But I digress.

THE SWEDISH press, it seems, are not overly supportive of the Kween Kause. Some chose to boycott their press conference and some kept away from Gary's too, the latter taking place at the Sheraton Hotel the evening before the show. The guitarist, sporting two-piece suit and T-shirt, sat at the head of the room, facing an atmosphere that was never less than friendly – no hitmen (make that *Sven*) or women here. (Let me point out at this stage that the keyword for the entire trip was '*Sven*'. We had *Sven* Records, OO*Sven*, The Magnificent *Sven*, The *Sven* Commandments, *Sven* Hur, *Svenny* Hill, one of the better things on Sweden's appallingly dull TV, my personal contribution The Prisoner Of *Svenda* and of course that well-known movie starring Bo Derek and Dudley Moore . . . *Sven!* What else?)

With the national notebooks reluctant to attend the conference, preferring to keep pens firmly holstered, it was more specialist scribblers who filled the rows of seats, occasionally crossing the room for a glass of 'hospitality'. Hence no enquiries about favourite food or colour of underpants, none of the silly stuff; instead, we talked new material and old, Thin Lizzy and fat (ex)vocalists, things that showed a good degree of background knowledge . . .

"Was Glenn Hughes a big problem?" piped up a likely looking chap from *Metal Hernia*.

"Ah yes," said Gary, extending his arms happy

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POSIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM: (l-r) Gary Ferguson, Gary Moore, Bob Daisley (frustrated in his efforts to get his shoes into shot) and Neil 'Svenbo' Carter

sventh

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fisherman style, "a B-I-G problem!"

Once the obvious questions had been served up we had mention made of George Michael and A-ha, then finally . . . here it is . . . hold on to your hats, folks . . . *South Africa*. Gary must have been expecting it but declined to comment, not wanting to align himself with a *regime* he clearly has neither heart nor time for yet feeling it prudent not to chance a rift with Queen this early in the tour (the Stockholm show was the first of four Special Guest appearances he had lined up with them in June and July, the last three all taking place in Germany – Mannheim, Munich and Cologne. Gary also plans to headline the Turku Festival in Finland on August 2).

"Don't worry," assures the questioner, "my piece won't appear until much later, they won't be able to read it until after the tour."

"Yes, but there's other people here as well," counters Gary. "And besides, Dante has a date with Freddie later on and he might tell him!"

A date? Me an' Fred? What *can* he mean?! I don't know but we laugh about it later, finding time too for more political banter . . .

"Y'know, if anyone listens to my songs they'll *know* how I feel about the South African situation. You don't need to look any further than 'Out In The Fields'. . . '*It doesn't matter if you're black or if you're white*'. . . I wasn't aware until this week that Queen *had* played in South Africa, but even if I had known in advance I wouldn't have cancelled the show. What Queen do is up to them, though I'm sure they don't support the whole apartheid thing . . .

"All I know is, I'm here to play for my fans and probably half of those who've bought tickets will be coming along to see us because we know we can pull 10,000 people in this city without too much problem.

"I *wouldn't* play Sun City but I *will* play Stockholm!"

THERE'S PREJUDICE and there's prejudice. You see it in South Africa, you see it in Ireland (where Gary was born an' bred) and you see it in music. Alongside the first two, the latter may seem a trifle spurious, but it all comes down to the same thing and Gary Moore wants none of it. No way.

Hailing originally from Belfast, where his father still lives (his mother now resides in Weston-Super-Mare), he knows all about segregation and the trauma it can cause. Ireland is with him whether he likes it or not, and these days he's liking it more and more. Not the 'troubles' of course, to which he sees no obvious solution, but the good things about the country – including its music.

Gary clearly enjoyed his return to Belfast and Dublin in December '84, his first shows in those cities in ten long years, and his more recent visit to Dublin for the Self Aid extravaganza (a 14-hour Live Aid-style bash designed to assist the unemployed of Eire) touched him too in some deep and unmentionable spot.

Joining 27 bands, both rock and folk (names like U2, local lads Cactus World News, the Boomtown Rats, *etc*), Gary flew into Dublin for an unannounced Thin Lizzy reunion as a tribute to the late Phil Lynott; after a single day's rehearsal, he took to the stage with guitarist Scott Gorham, drummer Brian Downey and keyboard player Darren Wharton for an emotional run-through of three Lizzy numbers, 'Whiskey In The Jar', 'Don't Believe A Word' and 'Cowboy Song', with Bob Geldof and U2 frontman Bono helping out on vocals and Bob Daisley supplying the bass.

The organising body, *RTE* (*Radio Telefis Eireann*, the TV station in Southern Ireland), originally asked Gary to bring a band over with him, but with the other Gary (*Biggus Americanus*) over in the States at the time the idea of a Lizzy liaison began to take shape. Good news for the 30,000 or so who turned out for the show and a real eye/heart opener for Gary who, in his own words, "rediscovered my love of Irish music".

I don't think there's too much danger of the man's next album sounding like The Chieftains, or future shows including a *Guinness*-drinking solo (though if he was Mick Mars, of course . . .), but there is a very real chance of some session work with The Pogues and, if the opportunity arose, he'd love to collaborate with Bono on a joint project. Suffice it to say, the influences are there and creeping more and more to the fore, looking set to place the forthcoming GM album on the stirringly melodic side of its 'Run For Cover' predecessor (1985).

Perhaps 'Green Fingers' would be an appropriate title?!

FOR THE show in Stockholm three new numbers, as yet unrecorded, have been boldly felt-tipped onto the set-list: 'The Loner', 'Wild Frontier' and 'Take A Little Time'. Due to time restrictions – no pun intended – the latter didn't make it on the day (according to Gary, it's "in the same vein as 'Out In The Fields' tempo-wise, it chugs along, with a somewhat lighter subject matter"), but the other two hold their ground and impressive they are to be sure.

'The Loner' isn't an original composition; indeed, it first saw the light of day on Cozy Powell's 'Over The Top' LP (1979), a Max Middleton creation featuring Cozy on drums, Jack Bruce on bass, Dave Clempson on guitar and Middleton himself (ex-Jeff Beck band) on Fender Rhodes/Moog. Gary has restructured the middle eight and dispensed with some of the more jazzy overtones, leaving a haunting instrumental workout that if all goes to plan looks both odds-on to replace 'Parisienne Walkways' in the live set and then surface as a single sometime in September with the next GM album to follow early in

'87 (February seems the likeliest month).

That's the intention anyway, with the possibility of lyrics being added somewhere down the line. But good though 'The Loner' undoubtedly is (it proved a fine set-closer in Stockholm), I reckon that 'Wild Frontier' is Gary's *real* ace in the hole.

The (working) title of the forthcoming album, it was conceived very much as a follow-up to 'OITF', the idea being that Gary and Phil Lynott would once again split both the vocals and the glory. Phil *did* hear the song in a very rough form but, well, I guess it just wasn't meant to be; Gary will now handle the singing side alone, fronting a number that shows crystal clear evidence of his recent roots march. Bouncing like Big Country, lilting like Lizzy, commercial (*ie.* memorable) as you like, it's right up there with 'Empty Rooms' and 'OITF' as one of the finest GM compositions to date, bringing on a thirst for something long and black and light-headed . . . Pure Genius, and probably the second single from the new LP. Perhaps it ought to be the first . . .

Unlike 'OITF', which carried a general message (though in Ireland's case the cap proved a very tight fit indeed), 'Wild Frontier' directs its attention towards the Irish situation *alone* . . . '*I remember the city streets before the soldiers came/No armored cars or barricades to say we're not the same*'. . .

The message is loud and clear. Welcome home, Gary.

ON THE morning of the show, Halfin (yes, he's here) and myself decide to do the tourist thing. The night before, following the press conference and an informal award ceremony (Gary was given a trophy courtesy of Japan's *Burrn!* magazine whose readers voted 'OITF' the best single of '85), he'd headed off to the local Hard Rock Café leaving yours truly to link up with the rowdy UK contingent in the restaurant of the Sheraton where a large TV screen was showing the England/Morocco World Cup clash. Yeah, *that* game. Needless to say, the Swedish diners are well-versed in English sporting *patois* by the time the 90 minutes are up . . . 'Wanker' Wilkins? Is that *really* his name? Well, yeah, I suppose you could say that . . .

But this is a new day – a wet one, admittedly, but not wet enough to dampen the spirits of your pen 'n' picture team. We leave the hotel with hopes sky-high; Halfin's after a typically Swedish souvenir and what better than a good porn movie, eh? Something totally illicit, something really, really gross, something showing . . . willies! *Sven* only and all that. Four hours later we return to the Sheraton with six egg-cups and the makings of a tea service. Such is life when you're a 'married' man . . .

"Phil Lynott wanted to re-live his Thin Lizzy days, but the guy was 36 years old, he wasn't young anymore . . . anyone else in that situation could have survived, but Phil was too weak to live because of what he'd done to himself"

Halfin also decides he will have nothing to do with the bevy of blondes draped enticingly around the hotel bar, but not so the rest of our party. Enter Bob Daisley (quick change artist, shoe division) and promoter Rod MacSween (hat and umbrella), who opt for quite different *modus operandi*; Daisley, a man renowned for his hand-stitched pyjamas complete with pocket motif of that well-known heavy metal hero . . . uh . . . Thomas The Tank Engine, prefers to position himself downwind of his prey then wait for a nibble, whereas MacSween, whose birthday it is the following day, tends to favour the more direct name-rank-and-hotel-room-number approach, relying on natural 'charm' to pull him through.

That evening Bob disappears with a woman who some would call mature and some wouldn't. Halfin wouldn't – *he* calls her a "granny". Still, Bob sets up a double-date for himself and the Birthday Boy the following night; he will escort his new-found friend and MacSween *her daughter!* Whether either got 'the bumps' is sadly not on record.

IT IS *still* raining when Gary and his band take to the stage in the early evening. A few years ago the burgeoning Moore would have bolstered his confidence with a couple of stiff ones before heading out into the spotlight, but these days he has enough faith in both himself and those around him to manage without a 'crutch' of any description. It's all to do with stability. After many years of chopping an' changing he at last appears to have found himself a collection of musicians who can justifiably lay claim to the title 'band'.

On bass, of course, there's the aforementioned Daisley, a rhythm man in the mould of Jack Bruce who since leaving his hometown of Sydney, Australia, back in 1971 has worked with some of the greatest guitarists in rock: Robbie Blunt, Ritchie Blackmore, Randy Rhoads, Mick 'not many *Svenny!*' Box, Jake E. Lee and now Gary Moore.

His backline didn't exactly behave to order at this particular show, but he ploughed on regardless, linking well with American-born drummer Gary Ferguson, now ridin' high on a brand new *Yamaha* kit (he was previously a *Gretsch* man). At one time US Gary found himself getting just a little too friendly with the demon mouthwash so he ended the relationship there and then and hasn't looked back since, making him ideally placed to offer some sensible, sound advice to guitarist Michael Schenker (remember him?) with whom he recently completed some recording.

By all accounts, the new Schenker stuff is pretty useful, but the man himself still comes across as a timebomb just waiting to explode, whereas these days success and levelheadedness do seem to keep close company – one of the reasons why Neil Carter has proved such a valuable 'second' in the GM corner.

If Neil was going to 'explode' I think it's safe to assume that he would have done so a few years ago during successive stints with Wild Horses and UFO, names to set the liver a-tremble. Today, he's a key member of the GM outfit, helping out on vocals and flitting between rhythm guitar and keyboards depending on whether the senses require soothing or shattering. I'm not sure how many of *his* songs will feature among the ten, probably shorter compositions destined to appear on the next Gary Moore album, but at some point in the future I'm certain we'll see him getting down to work on his *own* LP, taking in material that might not work for Gary but could well work for him in a solo context. (Incidentally, fashion fans would do well to take note that Neil's 'Summer Festival' *ensemble* comprised a lime green two-piece suit, white shirt and shoes, diamanté neck brooch . . . and plastic pac-a-mac! Nice.)

Having finally relinquished his search for "Glenn Hughes with a brain" – I'm sure you don't need me to explain that reference – Gary is now operating unashamedly from the centre of the stage, lead guitarist, main singer and prime personality. He may not have the greatest voice in rock 'n' roll but it's developing all the time, and what he lacks in range he can make up for in character. There is now a recognised sound attached to the Gary Moore name and, for better or for worse, depending entirely on your point of view (and possibly your consumption of *Mars Bars*), an important part of that sound is Gary's lead vocal. Why change things now?

Certainly his singing is well up to par at the Stockholm show, the band laying into one hour 15 minutes' worth of nicely balanced material, real edited highlights stuff. No '*Bjorn* To Be Wild', I'm afraid, but 'Out In The *Fjords*' was there, along with set-opener 'Run For Cover', 'Victims Of The Future', 'All Messed Up', 'Empty Rooms' and the cover versions, 'Shapes Of Things' and 'Wishing Well'. . . everything you'd expect, in fact, as well as the two new songs which you probably wouldn't.

During the brief acoustic intro to 'Victims . . .' one of the road-crew notices that Halfin is squatting directly over a flashpot primed to go off in a matter of seconds. It could be really nasty, shrivelled prospects an' all that, so I guess we ought to tell him . . . well, somebody should . . . any volunteers?. . . let's take a vote on it . . .

One recount later and the man is safe. It was close, though, *damn* close . . .

ON REFLECTION, Gary wishes he'd added 'Listen To Your Heartbeat' to the Stockholm set, a song from the 'Run For Cover' album that he played live for the first time *ever* during a warm-up show at *Guildford Civic Hall* on June 3; he likes the number a lot though he wasn't too happy with the way it came out on vinyl and would like to re-record it at some stage in the future. Maybe Mike Stone wasn't the right producer for that particular track, maybe, maybe, maybe but what the hell . . . the show is over and it's PAWTY TIME!!

Tonight the record company (*Virgin Scandinavia*) is taking us all to *Café Opera*, an upmarket restaurant-cum-nightclub where all the women are finely chiselled and all the men are filthy rich. Halfin? Well, he's halfway there . . .

"Listen, right?" he blurts into my ear as we take a seat, "all the crumpet here is *completely* unpullable so we might as well forget it and get pissed!"

Ah yes, the start of another fine evening that I can't remember, though I vaguely recall my 'social director' ordering one bottle of wine after another and stashing them swiftly under the table as 'emergency supplies', all the while grinning inanely at our host (Hûge Peesartqvuist) who finally took delivery of a bill for the best part of a thousand pounds!

More than that I really cannot remember (I've been strictly ordered *not* to), so let's turn back to music for a moment and in particular the next Gary Moore album, likely it seems to have a clear direction and a unified feel – not a concept LP, but a collection of songs that

KONTINUEZ OVER

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

work together musically. 'Run For Cover' made use of a whole host of different producers and musicians, but this time around Gary wants to create more of a 'band album', more of a self-sufficient project with only two producers currently lined up.

It's true that an approach was made to Billy Idol/Charlie Sexton helmsman Keith Forsey, whose response was largely one of amusement, and that Gary has half an eye on Steve Lillywhite, the man who (sorry about this) gave an edge to the U2 sound, but so far only Pete Collins (who sat at the desk for 'OITF') and Pete Smith (who worked on Sting's 'The Dream Of The Blue Turtles' LP) are definitely scheduled to play a part. Collins will work on at least two tracks, though Gary would like him to do more, and Smith has a couple earmarked for him too: 'Take A Little Time', already mentioned, and 'Strangers In The Darkness', a song about "down 'n' outs, people – especially young kids – who come to places like Soho in London and get involved with heroin. I feel very strongly about that, not least of all because of what happened to Phil . . ."

As mentioned earlier, the album is unlikely to see a release before early next year (expect a tour around that time too, perhaps kicking off in Ireland), but already time has been booked at *Genetic Sound Studio* (owned by Martin Rushent) where the whole thing can start to be pieced together. Certainly, since the 'Corridors Of Power' LP (1982) Gary has been growing more and more *song*-orientated, taking greater care over structure, melody and production, but this time around he's determined to ensure that the feel remains spontaneous too, and that the structure isn't so tight as to limit his guitar play. He wants *lots* of guitar on the new LP, real 'cop a load of this' stuff, and he also wants lyrics that have something to say, though this doesn't appear to be to everyone's taste. 'Murder In The Skies', for example, which dealt with the shooting down of a Korean plane by the Russians, came in for quite a bit of stick . . .

"Well, I remember David Coverdale saying something about the song. He said it's not the kind of song that makes me want to write lyrics, it's the kind of song that makes me want to cry. But people like that are just c**ts anyway cos all they do is write about themselves. It's so egocentric to go onstage and sing about your prick!"

IN TERMS of both lyric and songwriting Gary clearly learnt a lot from Phil Lynott, a real master craftsman. The secret, or part of it, it seems, is to keep an open mind and listen to *all* kinds of music, drawing something from each. Certainly, Gary's taste has been broadening out consistently over the past few years, so much so that these days he seldom listens to the newer heavy rock bands, finding that Yngwie Malmsteen and the like say less to him with a thousand and one notes than Jeff Back (his ultimate hero) does with a single chord.

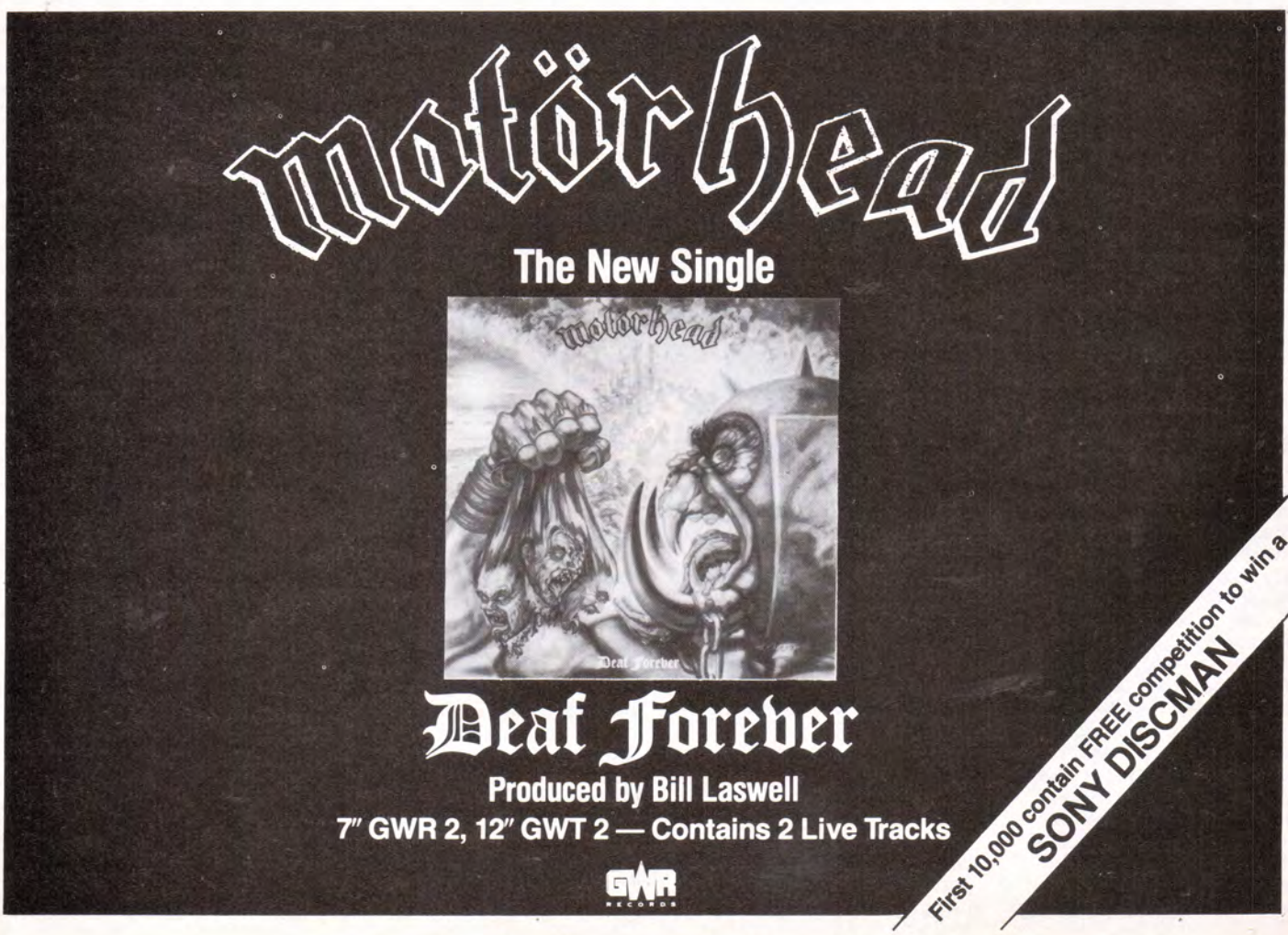
He would, however, like to do some work with Level 42 bassist Mark King, and the chance to collaborate with Tina Turner would certainly be more than welcome; in fact, he was approached by her producer last year but nothing finally came of it, so we'll just have to see how that situation develops. One thing's for sure, though, Phil Lynott would have approved . . .

"Y'know," says Gary, "I don't know anyone who's got over his death as yet; not a day goes by when I don't think about him. It really annoyed me when all these c**ts were reported in the press saying 'my close friend, Phil', like Ozzy and Nik Kershaw, all these twats who he didn't even like that much . . . especially Ozzy. 'I sent him the biggest wreath'! Those people think money overrides everything . . .

Two lovely children, a new record deal with *Polydor*, a successful single, '19', Phil seemed to have it all going for him again, but according to Gary, "he just didn't care any more. He wanted to be Phil from Thin Lizzy, but he'd lost those days and he wasn't the centre of attention like he used to be.

"He wanted to re-live his Thin Lizzy days, but the guy was 36 years old, he wasn't young Phil anymore. He just didn't want to grow old, it was kind of a death wish thing I suppose, and he had so much wrong with him. Ulcers everywhere . . . his heart had ulcers. Anyone else in that situation could have survived, but Phil was too weak to live because of what he'd done to himself."

STANDING ON the side of the stage as 'Wild Frontier' cut through the rain and set the brollies bouncing, it was hard not to think of Phil, pumping away on his 'mirror' bass, trouser seams once again facing the ultimate test. *Potheen* powered and Whisky Jar wild, '. . . Frontier' bears all the hallmarks, of classic Lizzy – indeed, Gary even thought about getting Scott Gorham and Brian Downey to record the song with him. Pop rock, folk rock, hard rock, Heavy Metal, Green Metal, call it what you will, just be sure not to miss it at Milton Keynes!



KONTINENTAL KOMPANIONS (from left): Don Airey, Phil Manzanera, John Wetton, Carl Palmer, Robin George

Pic Peter Cronin

WET DREAMZ

ROBIN GEORGE/JOHN WETTON/DON AIREY/PHIL MANZANERA/CARL PALMER/UNKLE TOM COBBLEY
Marquee, London

I THINK it all began one night just before last Christmas. John Wetton and I were sitting in *The Ship* pub, just a step away from the *Marquee Club*; he was shipping white wine, I was shifting vodka. It was then that I first suggested what a ripping idea it would be for Asia to play a special date at the *Marquee*.

"Credibility, John," I scammed, "Think of the credibility . . . and the fun we'd all have!" Wetton, I seem to recall, pondered briefly on this outrageous notion that the band who'd once played two sold-out dates at *Wembley Arena* should go back to a club, then nodded in agreement, going so far as to state that if the powers-that-be in the Asia camp weren't hot on the scheme . . ."then I'll bloody well put together my *own* band and do it!" As we parted, I even offered to buy him a pint of foaming, fuming lager if he pulled it off.

Well, it took six months, but John has proved as good as his word. He rounded up Robin George, lassoed Don Airey and corralled Carl Palmer, and before I could take out the necessary bank-loan for that aforementioned pint, he was shouting down the phone: "Dr. Doom, it's *your* round!"

The boys warmed up with a charity date at *JB's Club* in Dudley (a last-minute alteration from the Birmingham *Portland*) and then headed for two charity shows at the *Marquee*, being joined by guesting ex-Roxy razzler Phil Manzanera, with whom Wetton has recently been working.

So, was it worth the wait? Hey, does Judge Dredd pack a six-figure growl? Of course, it was worth the half-year delay! In terms of joyous endeavour, richly textured music and sublimely relaxed yet professional frolics, this was one of those special nights to be treasured in a lead-lined trove.

We got Asia's 'Only Time Will Tell', 'Heat Of The Moment' and 'Sole Survivor'; we got Robin George's 'Go Down Fighting' and 'Heartline'; we got a new Wetton/George number titled 'Keep On Loving Yourself'; we got . . . *the works*. The hour-long set really highlighted the phenomenal talents ranged together onstage. Wetton's soulful, characterful voice (even stretched and strained as it was tonight) poured the essence of emotion across George's taut, slick guitar moves and Airey's generously effusive keyboards, whilst Manzanera and his six-string gang grinned the grin of the *gourmet*. Hell, I could even come close to forgiving the unforgiveable – a truly gangrenous drum solo from Palmer – such was the quality and class on display.

And the good, nay *great*, news is that Wetton, George and Airey are planning to stick together under the handle of Asia. With the instrumental prowess of this line-up, plus the songwriting combination of Wetton/George (potentially amongst the finest in the land), the re-birth of a continent can't be too far away.

MALCOLM DOME

PAUL SAMSON'S EMPIRE
Marquee, London

WHILST THE more 'kultured' members of the *Kerrang!* krew waddled up West with neck muscles bulging like balloons for a frantic few hours of Frash in the company of Anthrax & Co, I decided to boldly throw my already inconsiderable slam-divin' reputation squarely on the line and head instead for ye olde *Marquee*, where guitarist Paul Samson was waiting to unveil his new band for the first time in London.

On arrival, it was clear that a good many other people had followed their curiosity down Wardour Street too – including a 'glittering' array of liggers like Fish, Mick Box, Bernie Tormé, John McCoy, Chrome Molly, FM, Rock Goddess and more – and it's not surprising that interest in this gig should have been high when you consider that this is Paul Samson's first band (discounting McCoy) since the demise of Samson some two years or so ago.

Fittingly, Empire turned out to be every bit as good as I'd been told they would be. Mark Brabbs is drumming better than ever, Kevin Riddles is as strong and commanding in his bass-work as he is in physical appearance, Dave Colwell has an already-proven guitar partnership with Paul Samson, and singer Sam Blue . . . well, this man is a miraculous discovery! One of the brightest young rock vocalists I've heard in a long time.

And it was Sam Blue's thoroughly convincing vocal delivery that highlighted Empire's set for me. Injecting new life into oldies like Samson's 'Vice Versa' and (the encore) 'Earth Mother', handling songs like 'Tramp', 'Tell Me' and 'Burning Emotion' from Paul's recently released solo album with consummate ease and really coming into his own on new material like 'One Day Heroes', 'Stranger' and 'Afraid Of The Light', he impressed me more and more with his confidence, self-assurance and marvellous range.

And the band's new material was good too. Opener 'Tomorrow' set a daunting standard, but the likes of 'Fighting Man' and 'Don't Turn Away' ensured that the set didn't sag in the middle and the last song, 'Turn On The Lights', was just about the ideal closer. Some of the best material Samson has ever written.

The thing that worries me about this band's future, however, is that Paul Samson's name could, in a sadly ironic way, prejudice people's thoughts against Empire; you know, 'Samson – the band who never quite made it'. . . Should that be the case, then all traces of justice will have been destroyed.

MARK PUTTERFORD

STOP PRESS: Sam Blue would now seem to have left Empire. More details soon. . .

DESOLATION ANGELS
Royal Standard, Walthamstow

WHAT A difference a few months makes. Last time I rode with the Angels was way back in March in the musical backwater of Chichester. Then they were about

KONTINUEZ OVER

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KERRANG! LIVEWIRE

Metal news, Metal gossip, Metal noise and much, much more . . . it's all coming your way soon courtesy of *Kerrang!* and British Telecom's Livewire service – 'the number one music station on the phone'!

The *Kerrang!* line will begin on July 7, initially for the London area only, on 0066 66011. In mid-August it will go national on 0898 121311.

We'll be putting together a 5½ minute programme that'll change each week to ensure maximum Metallic topicality. And, natch, the *Kerrang!* line will be presented by members of the *Kerrang!* team, including Geoff Barton, Dante Bonutto, Malcolm Dome and Mick Wall!

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FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

as imaginative as a clutch of Quo albums, bulldozing their way through a set that proved as popular as Enoch Powell visiting the Broadwater Farm Estate.

However, this time around, on familiar territory and with an audience well supplied with designer Desolation Angels' T-shirts, the band rose quite a few notches in my estimation.

Dave Wall, while not exactly being a threat to either Rob Halford or Geoff Tate in the larynx stakes, proved a likeable enough chap, smiling and tossing his curly locks around as if there was a *clique* of trigger-happy cameramen clicking away like a wall of metronomes at his every movement. He led his grimly-clad warriors through a dozen or so tough, gritty numbers, all of which sported cold steel backbones laced with some finely woven guitar interplay courtesy of Keith Sharp and Robin Brancher.

'Dance Of The Demons' – almost Venom's 'In League With Satan' revisited – jerked its way savagely from the PA, while 'Black Heart' was torn from the lifeless grasp of the NWOBHM, riding in on a riff that had 'Made In Whitley Bay' stamped right through it. In fact, much of the band's repertoire owes a debt to the likes of early Tygers, Saxon and Angel Witch, which is fine by me but absolutely the kiss of death if you wanna talk record deals.

Some of the newer stuff showed more hope, though. 'Scream All Night' burned some serious rubber and is far superior to anything on the band's just issued debut album, while 'Chainsaw' provided a very welcome change of pace, poking a snub nose into Thrash country but just failing to commit itself.

So Desolation Angels aren't the hopeless case so many would have us believe. The determination and the energy's there, it's just a question of rechannelling and rethinking along more modern lines.

PAUL MILLER

LARRY MILLER
Marquee, London

THINGS HAVE changed with Larry Miller – for the *better*. He leaps on stage, jutters 'n' jitters and sneers wonderfully. He drips rock 'n' roll and Metal bravado, with black leather strides, long (carefully) matted hair and a brilliant power trio consisting of wild WASP(Y) lookalike bassist Dave Roberts and drummer boy Gavin Barraclough. More male than David Coverdale, more superstar than Dave Lee Roth, more vigorous than Ted Nugent, Miller struts, poses and cranks his guitar like a man with the biggest cock in rock. If he isn't Mega Metal then I'd like someone to point out to me what is!

Sledgehammer riffs and piledriver drums support such colossal giants as 'Hammerhead' and the foundation-shaking 'Drop What You Got'. 'Tired Of It All'? You won't be. 'Red Italian Boots'? The only boots these boys are wearing are made for kicking a serous amount of butthole. And there's always their rock hard rendition of 'Pretty Vacant', the Sex Pistols cowpunk classic, Miller's immense power-trio giving a new lease of life to yesterday's *clichés*.

The music was loud, and it got *LOUDER!* It takes a few songs to get used to the aural assault, the wall of sound, and it's difficult to believe that only *one* guitar can be responsible for so much mayhem. But this is where Miller has succeeded in carving out a *niche* all to himself.

Final score: furious slabs of noise and feedback, a total victory.

DEREK OLIVER

THE CHURCH
Mean Fiddler, London

THE *MEAN FIDDLER* is just about the finest club operating in London.

Set out like an old-style Country & Western bar with a small dance floor surrounded by tables and chairs, an upstairs restaurant, bar open till 2am and a generally civilized atmosphere to compl ment the more outrageous videos on display, the club's only disadvantage is its lack of proximity to the West End. If you don't live locally or have your own transport Harlesden can be a bugger to get away from in the small hours of the morning.

Not that this discouraged the hordes who'd descended to witness The Church's third London gig in succession (they'd played the previous two at the *Marquee*). I don't think I've ever seen the *Mean Fiddler* quite so jammed with wall-to-wall bodies and it wasn't even the ex-patriot Aussie crowd up from Earls Court either.

The Church are picking up a sizeable following in the capital and, given the strength of their fourth album 'Heyday', and the excellent single 'Tantalized', I can't say I was surprised at this development. Then I made the mistake of going to see the band . . .

It's not a peculiar phenomenon, it seems; Metallica, for instance, make brilliant albums and play horrible gigs, but it does make you wonder just how much of what comes out on vinyl is *really* representative of what a band can *actually* reproduce under the spotlight. As musicians The Church are competent enough – they produce some fine sounding guitar runs and the drums, too, pack some punch.

But, for me at any rate, it all comes down to the singer and whether he can sing – or, failing that, does he have an interesting or arresting voice? A lot of rock singers can't really sing in the way that, say, Robert Plant or Jon Anderson can *really* sing – but many get away with it by virtue of their unique vocal mannerisms: Jagger, Peter Murphy, John Lydon, *etc.* You get the picture?

The singer in The Church has none of these qualities, and what makes this discovery so very disappointing is just how much I enjoyed their new album. They have some good songs to offer but without a commanding frontman I'll just stick to the vinyl.

DAVE DICKSON

STOP STOP PRESS: No, Sam Blue hasn't *joined The Church! But they do seem to have undergone a line-up change. For more info see* Mayhem.

IT BITES
Fulham Greyhound, London

IT BITES (awful, 'poppy' name) have more than their fair share of things that the majority of the music press love to hate: they're excellent young musicians, they're slick (in a way that can easily appear contrived, but I would suggest *isn't*) and they exude a thick air of confidence that comes simply from *knowing* that what they're doing is both good *and* original. They are one of the best new bands I've come across in *years*, virtually *pissing* on the competition when it comes to creative ability.

The linchpin is guitarist/vocalist Frank Dunnery. He's obviously listened to early Genesis and Peter Gabriel, and his voice bears many similarities to the latter's peculiarly individual nuances. He's probably listened to Allan Holdsworth and Eddie Van Halen too, somewhere along the line: as a guitarist he's achieved a musical literacy that is remarkable for someone of 22.

His playing is fluid (*very* fluid), articulate and, mainly, confines itself to snaking into empty spaces with inspired 'strikes' rather than forcing itself down your throat in extended pyrotechnic workouts.

Though some of the songs use 'tricky' stop/start/change passages that will inevitably draw comparisons to the more listenable aspects of early Yes, the power and drive of this band puts them in a completely different category.

But these comparisons are hardly fair. Any similarities are merely vague indications that what they produce is really a complex blend of instrumental skill and unorthodox arrangements, played in a heavyweight rock vein with a touch of pop sensibility. A strange mutation that may have something to do with them coming from near the Sellafield nuclear plant!

In a short – 40 minutes, max. – set, It Bites displayed a rare talent for originality and an ability to come up with something that had 'class' written right through it like a stick of Blackpool rock.

They have a new single out, 'Calling All The Heroes' *(Virgin)*, and a soon-to-be-released album that I'll be waiting for with real interest. They deserve to do *incredibly* well, but I can't help feeling that, with the way the music industry operates, they could, quite simply, be *too good* to get the breaks.

PAUL HENDERSON

FRANKIE MILLER
Half Moon, Putney

ONE OF the first really hot nights of this stale and windy London Summer, a short walk away from Putney Bridge and the river Thames.

The sun sits like lager in the matted blue evening sky and everybody walks around slowly with a glass in their hand and their shades *on*. Tonight at the *Half Moon* it's Frankie Miller.

Because of that, and because of the warm late air, the party mood is high, and a lot of people have come along for the crack . . . Amongst them is Lemmy and Würzel from Motörhead, all of Girlschool, Bernie Tormé and some faces even I haven't seen in maybe five years . . .

And the *chicks!* Jesus! I must be going to too many Heavy Metal shows for my own good or something, but I haven't seen that many young wimmin shakin' it at a gig in . . . f**k, years! I don't know . . .

At 9.30pm sharp Frankie's band take to the tiny backroom stage: Brian 'Robbo' Robertson is on lead guitar, one of my best-loved blues-rock players and an exile from three of my favourite ever rock bands – Thin Lizzy, Wild Horses and Motörhead. Phil Taylor is on drums, himself another exile from lost Motörhead days, *aka* 'Philthy Phil' *aka* 'The Animal', and a man who knows just how to make a beat bite. And on bass is Chrissie Stewart, last seen by me in one of Graham Bonnet's bands, tonight bearing such a striking resemblance to Ozzy Osbourne that 'Krusher' Joule (oh yes, he was there too, the one they call The One . . .) had to be restrained from shouting out a request for 'Iron Man' halfway through Frankie's performance.

The first thing they all do is jump straight into a hot pumping beat full of juicy swagger and occasional little flashes from Robbo's guitar, and then Frankie walks on clutching a red guitar to his belly. He gives the audience a sideways glance and his lips part into somethng like a grin; he waves his right hand out, all the time making his way to the mike like a man making his way to the bar.

The band really turn the screws down tight when he gets there and Frankie moves growling into a storming rendition of 'Take Me To The River', the Al Green, pre-preacherhood classic.

It's a perfect opening move. Phil and Chrissie get to chomp down hard on a hot and driving rhythm, and Robbo gets to rip it up at every turn, tearing at the guts of the song with lightning hands, cigarette in the mouth, cheeks sucked in deep. And over everything comes the Frankie Miller Voice – steamed, raw, like broken glass and whiskey.

Frankie looks fit, looks well. His eyes are still slitted of course, and he looks down the microphone at you hard. Now and again he takes sips from a glass of orange juice. I don't know if he had anything in it, I had plenty in mine.

From there everything coasts along in a fit of good humour. The band are full of raunch and Frankie Miller and Voice are sweet enough to set the party swinging.

'Be Good To Yourself', 'I'd Lie To You For Your Love' (the single from the fine new album), 'That's How Strong My Love Is', 'Dancing In The Rain', 'Bad Case Of Lovin' You'. . . it all comes and goes in a twisted blur of heat and smoke.

The place is packed, the joint is up and going for it; I nearly got into two fights I didn't understand and at the end of it all 'Krusher' Joule was sick as a pig and puked over his shoes.

It was a great night, full of loose boogie. Anytime Frankie Miller plays go and see him, have a party.

MICK WALL

KULTURE!

EDITED BY MALCOLM DOME

VIDZ!

'KATE BUSH – THE HAIR OF THE HOUND' (PMI)

GOTTA ADMIT that I'm a fairly recent convert to the fantastical charms of Ms Kate Bush.

Up until the release of her recent 'Hounds Of Love' LP I'd been less captivated and more *irritated* by her airwave squeaks 'n' squeals and her manic video arm wavin' 'n' daisy skippin', strictly Faith Brown 'Wuthering Heights' *stylee!* But then along came 'Hounds . . .' and, better late than never, I was as hooked as a gasping trout on the end of Jack Charlton's fishing line!

Lost count of the amount of times I've played 'Hounds . . .', particularly 'The Ninth Wave' concept side, and there's still no sign of me tiring of the thing. It's a record of 'Dark Side Of The Moon'-style captivation-quality: so much goes on, there're so many gimmicks, FX and (essential) twiddly bits, I'm always discovering something new and exciting to latch on to. And as for the 12" versions of the various singles taken from the album . . . words fail me! Have you heard the extended rendition of 'The Big Sky' with those extra added Monty Python touches? ("*This cloud should be removed immediately!*") Outrageous or what?!

But on to da vid. This 'un contains the visual promo footage to the 45s 'Wunning Up That Hill (With No Pwoblems)', 'Hounds Of Love', 'The Big Sky' and 'Cloudbusting' and each is extravagant eyeballin' entertainment. Of the four, I'm least keen on 'Wunning . . .', what with that geezer in Kung Fu pants throwing Kate about like some skateless Jane Torvill and the lady herself jostling down a futuristic corridor, barging her way through hundreds of Bush-masked clones. But the overall grainy moodiness and muted colours of the piece do conjure up a compelling atmosphere.

'Hounds . . .', meanwhile, is an odd one. Bush-directed, it basically consists of lots of men in hats and overcoats striding purposefully through offices and Kate herself being pursued through fog-bound woods. It has the air of one of those obscure British '50s films that turn up on Channel 4 on a Saturday afternoon opposite the wrestling on ITV. The vid storyboard would also seem to have nothin' whatsoever to do with the song's subject matter (check out that strange party at the end). . . but it works, and works *well*, all the same.

Kate also directed 'The Big Sky' and this one is my personal fave. This li'l *vignette* is completely off the wall, kinda Kate does 'Magical Mystery Tour', and features spacemen, soldiers, aircraft pilots and even Superman jumpin' 'n' leapin' to the song's rattlin' beat. But some of the best shots occur early on, with Kate on the roof of some murky building surveying the night sky through binoculars and looking (shudder) magically beautiful. And incidentally music lovers, although Kate's prick teazin' raunchiness here is done totally tongue-in-cheek, her pisstake slinky rock 'n' roll movements nonetheless put the activities of 'serious' Metal wimmin (Lee Aaron? Pah!) to complete shame.

'Cloudbusting'? Probably the one you'll be most familiar with, Kate taking the part of a small boy, Donald Sutherland playing the father and that mangled contraption on top of that grassy hillock swivelling and scouring the sky. A mini-movie in itself, and Kate is quite compelling in her portrayal of the wide-eyed young innocent. When ol' Don is dragged off by Government Heavies at the end and Kate is left to 'cloudbust' on her own . . . well, it's a moving and highly emotional moment; damn unusual in the traditionally soulless *genre* of pop vidz!

GEOFF BARTON

'MARILLION: 1982-86 THE VIDEOS' (PMI)

WELL, WELL, we meet again! You're probably not gonna believe this, but it was yours truly who first put Marillion on the journalistic map way back in 1981 . . . and this is the first time I've skribbed *anything* on them since then!

The video kicks off prediktably with 'Market Square Heroes', a live affair that now looks very dated with lot of 'slow-mo'; the best sequence being when Fish puts on his Tom G. Warrior mask!

'He Knows You Know' follows and this has gotta be the pick of the pile, despite the fact that Fish looks a lot like Bob Geldof KBE as he overakts in a straight-jacket! The lads obviously had fun making 'Garden Party', very Etonian and very silly, which is why I like it, but oh dear, I nearly pushed the 'eject' button on 'Assassing' – what a mess, and the matting is terrible. 'Minder' fans might be interested to know that Dave from The Winchester pub pops up as the barman in 'Heart Of Lothian' and propping up the bar is Marillion manager John Arnison!

Still, if you like Fish's elegant line in banter then this is the vid for you.

XAVIER RUSSELL

KATE BUSH: Lee Aaron watch out!

KILLERWATT

STATUS QUO/DEF LEPPARD skinsman JEFF RICH has designs on the *Remo Seven Piece Drum Kit:* 'sturdy, versatile, ingenious and attractive'

Pic Ray Palmer

PY-REMO-MANIA

REMO SEVEN PIECE DESIGNER DRUM KIT
RRP: see text

"WAIT UNTIL you see this . . . you'll love it!" Gary Mann of *Arbiter Musical Instruments*, spokesperson on behalf of such advanced products as *Paiste* cymbals, was proudly showing *Killerwatt* the most fascinating feature of a formidable new drum kit range.

We were examining a seven piece version of the *Remo Designer* drum kit, made by the American innovator, Remo Belli, famed for his original drum skins, who has now turned his attention to manufacturing whole kits.

"They're just like a Russian doll," we observed, as Mr. Mann manfully took the entire kit apart and packed small tom toms into larger tom toms, and finally put the lot inside the bass drum.

"Voila! You can carry the whole lot and put it in the back of an ordinary car," said Gary.

We were hoping he would let us put the whole lot in the back of *our* car, but as no such offer was forthcoming, *Killerwatt* was content to examine the gear and have a bash on the drums. With only warehouse men to annoy, it was a good chance to whip up a storm on the drums, stored at *Arbiter's* North London headquarters, from where goods are shipped all over the country.

The *Remo* kit proved both sturdy, versatile, ingenious and attractive, with a gleaming white finish and dramatic black stripe, exclusive to the *Designer* series.

The idea of packing drums inside each other for easy transportation dates back to the '20s and the 'gigsters' of the dance band era, but it hasn't really been possible with the heavy, elaborate kits of more recent times. The *Remo* drums, while sturdily made, are not too heavy and, more importantly, they are equipped with a unique *Powersnap* locking system which enables the drum heads ('skins' to plebs) to be removed within seconds.

Normally taking off a drum head involves the laborious process of using a key to undo each lug (the tension bolt that holds the head down tight). The *Powersnaps* operate rather like the latches on suitcases. You snap them open to release the lug from the drum shell, which can still be tuned with a key in the normal way once snapped back into position.

It's ironic that *Arbiter* should be distributing these new drums as they rather resemble the ideas of Ivor Arbiter with his famed *Auto Tune* kit of a decade ago, which had a screw system for doing the same job. It's not often that you need to replace heads in a hurry, unless you play like a maniac with cast iron sticks, but certainly this system would be very convenient for roadies attempting to repair the star drummer's kit in the middle of a concert or for the one-night stand man who wants to try the 'Russian doll' effect.

Powersnaps are simple and work. Gary points out that with a special nylon washer in place there is no danger of the drums de-tuning. The drum shells are made of a special material developed by *Remo* called *'Acousticon'*, a laminated wood fibre boned with resin. The use of different resins alters the tone, projection and vibrancy of the drums.

It's *'Acousticon'* that makes the shells light to carry and tough enough to bash. The surfaces are laminated with *Remo*'s *'Quadura'* drum covering which is available in sheets for the DIY buff who wants to re-cover his own drums. Colours include white, black, blue, deep red, chrome and gold.

The drums are a mite deeper than most and the seven piece kit on display comprised 8 × 8, 10 × 9, 13 × 12 and 14 × 13 hanging tom toms, and a 16 × 16 inch floor tom tom, an 18 × 14 bass drum, and 14 × 8 snare drum, fitted with black Pin Stripe heads. All the drums and nutboxes are made in America, while the rest of the counterhoops and hardware are made in *Remo*'s Taiwan factory.

The stands are fitted with a lever operated quick release system which holds cymbal and snare drum stands tightly in position but releases them instantly for height adjustment – another highly useful innovation. The cymbal stands have double braced legs and the boom stands are heavy enough to support cymbals undergoing the most merciless of punishment.

The snare drum stand has ball and socket joints easily positioned to tilt the massive eight inches deep snare drum. This has a swift, deep and throaty response. The snare strands lay flat across the whole of the bottom head, a feature ensured by the shape of the bevelled edge at the bottom of the drum. Why such deep drums?

"*Remo* knows a lot about getting the maximum sound and volume and believes that people today want a snare drum that can produce a lot of volume," says Gary.

The bass drum pedal is chain driven with a telescopic post for altering the height of the beater. A ratchet handle releases the claws holding the pedal to the bass drum hoop, and there is an adjustable toe grip, all evidence of the thought that has gone into designing the *'Designers'*.

The hi-hat pedal is a tripod model with unusual exterior springs giving access for adjustment, and is equipped with a Memory Lock clamp and bottom cymbal tilter. The bass drum is light to carry around, and is fitted with tom tom holders and 'disappearing' spurs.

The two extra hanging toms have their own stand. Normally, the kit is sold as a five drum set. The extra toms give a satisfying tonal range and plenty of opportunities for the creative soloist, not to mention the incompetent poltroon or blithering clothhead.

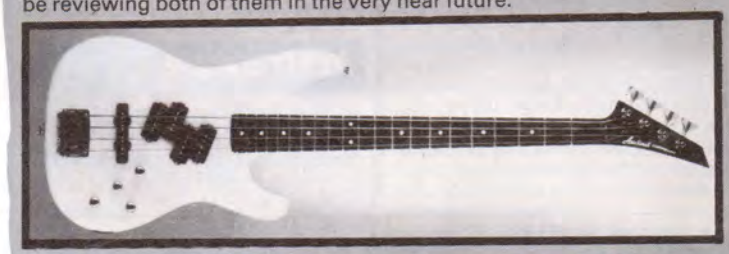
Indeed, the snare drum, taut, fierce and authorative in tone, does not suffer fools gladly. Press roles are not easily faked and each beat must be played with powerful accuracy to get any kind of sustain. But tinkering with the tuning can make it a more forgiving beast.

The bass drum gives a roaring thud like a hand grenade detonating and the tom toms sound like thunder rolling round the Alps presaging an avalance, making it a very powerful kit for fast Heavy Metal Men.

Remo Drums, *distributed* by Arbiter Musical Instruments Ltd. *Unit 8, Eldonwall Trading Estate, Staples Corner, London NW2 7AF.*
Prices: five piece Designer Set £530.00.
Tom toms, 8 × 8 £64; 10 × 9 £85; 13 × 12 £103; 14 × 13 £118; 16 × 16 £132;
Bass drum, 18 × 14 £175; snare drum 14 × 8 £113.

NEWZ-NEWZ-NEWZ

A DECENT guitar or bass for less than 100 quid? Certainly looks like it if reports so far are anything to go by. *John Hornby Skewes* have introduced the *Encore* guitar and bass which will retail at £79 and £89 respectively. Both are single pickup designs – the *EG50* six string with a single humbucker and the *BEG50* (pictured above) with a split 'P' style – and have a body shape similar to that of *Gibson*'s old *Les Paul Junior* with a double cut-away. *Killerwatt* will be reviewing both of them in the very near future.



A STRIKING new range from *Aria*, the *Diamond Series*, includes the *JX Custom* and *JX Plus* guitars, and *JPJ–2* and *JPJ–3* (pictured above) basses. The most noticeable new feature of the range is the headstock design – the increasingly popular shape of the famous *Jackson* guitars, now being 'borrowed' by several other manufacturers.

Stay tuned to *Killerwatt* for reviews of the *Diamond Series* soon.

'. . . THE LAST cable you'll ever buy, unless you lose it,' is the bold claim of *Whirlwind* regarding their new top-of-the-line instrument cable, *'The Leader'*.

Similar types of claim have been made by cable manufacturers in the past, but few (if any?) have backed the claim with a ten-year guarantee on each cable.

Various 'innovative design' ideas have gone into *'The Leaders'*, and if they turn out to be as good as *Whirlwind*'s claim, they'll save a lot of musicians losing their temper and save many a roadie from the torrents of verbal abuse that usually follow the 'clicks' or total 'peg-out' of a dodgy lead. *'The Leader'* comes in various lengths from 1ft. through to 50ft.

GUILD, ONE of the few big all-American guitar companies left, have signed endorsement deals with members of US rock band Aerosmith. Brad Whitford went for a pair of *Guild 'Nightbird'* guitars, Tom Hamilton for a couple of *'Pilot'* basses and main axeman Joe Perry took charge of *Guild*'s new *T–200* and the sharply-named *'Bladerunner'* which features on-board overdrive.

Guild guitars have also just signed a deal with UK distributors *Blue Suede Music*, and are planning a re-launch of this fine range of guitars. It is hoped to have both the 'jazz' range and the solid body electrics available in the UK by June, backed up by a high profile at this year's *British Music Fair* in July.

PAUL HENDERSON

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

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SCHENKER FANS! Male, 20 wants companions for trip to Donington and maybe Germany Monsters of Rock. Richard, Flat 7, 14 Henfield Road, Merton, London SW19.

BECCA M Two months and your 'Bloody Luxury' **ILYMTYLM** Mike 'General' xxxx

FEMALE 24 into Whitesnake, Sabbath, Pallas, seeks caring male for fun and sincere relationship. Hants area, Box No. K700.

FEMALE 20 seeks fun loving good looking biker for friendship, gigs. Essex. Photo. Box No. K701.

JUNE REMEMBER Keith at the Tigers concert. Would love to see you again. Please phone Whitstable 276628.

FEMALE 19 into most Rock/Metal bands, seeks male any age in Cumbria, Newcastle area for meetings. Looks not important. Must have good sense of humour. Box No. K702.

MALE 19 seeks female 17+ anywhere in Wales write/meet photo please Box No K695.

MALE 23, seeks females for pubs, gigs into Metallica, Onslaught, Accept, etc. Newcastle area, Northumberland area. Box No K705.

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OUTRAGEOUS LONG haired male (20) currently very bored, sick of trendies, wants to meet similar girl, any age and into most HM/HR for lasting relationship. All letters answered. Edinburgh area. Andrew Shaw, 14 Corstorphine Hill Avenue, Edinburgh EH12 6LE.

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SHORT

reviewed by HOWARD JOHNSON

SAMANTHA FOX: 'Do Ya Do Ya (Wanna Please Me)' (Jive)

I've made the point about ridiculously provocative titles once before, so let's just concentrate on the massive AOR lungs of Sammy, the VH-esque solo squeak and the fine pop/rock ditty we have before us!

TREDEGAR: 'Duma' (Aries UK)

Apparently, Tredegar – boasting former Budgie boys Tony Bourge and Ray Phillips – have mortgaged properties galore to get this band underway. Nice dedication, says I, and a smart poppy Maiden romp to boot. Rock 'n' roll the way it used to be played in the good old days. I'd give 'em dealus maximus pronto!

CRAAFT: 'I Wanna Look In Your Eyes' (Epic)

Germany offers us musical idiots like Schenker and the Scorpions, so anything's a step up! Craaft play . . . er . . . well-crafted power pop, a bit 'between two stools'-ish for me, not heavy, not poppy. Acceptable if you're generally into this business. I'm not.

BOB SEGER: 'Like A Rock' (Capitol)

Ever so nice, but you can't mosh to it! (*Oh yes you caaaaAA . . .!!! – Geoff Barton*)

QUEEN: 'Friends Will Be Friends' (EMI)

I used to be big musical friends with Queen, but I'm veering sharply towards enemy ground! The same as usual and not as good as 'Night At The Opera' days. Don't deny it, you'd be a fool! And oh, look at 'Seven Seas Of Rhye' providing a bit of B-side justification!

BIG COUNTRY: 'The Teacher' (Mercury 12")

I was expecting the usual hoe-down material, but Mr. Adamson has done the evocative business. Bitta Shadows geetar here, bitta impassioned bleating there and overall another winner to love and cherish!

BOX OF FROGS featuring IAN DURY: 'Average' (Epic)

Anything but, actually. A cool, classy, calculated rhythmic stomp of a backbeat with Dury's wicked smart cockney *patois* laying lush on top. Smooth acoustics to swathe the soul, belting drums for a slap in the face and one mean rock 'n' roll solo to cap it all! Quirky, cwazy and quite splendiferous!

BALAAM AND THE ANGEL: 'Slow Down' (Virgin 12')

The best pop band in the world really go to town with brass a go-go to embellish a finely honed ditty. Nice new guitar sounds Jim, but whether Balaam's alternative audience will send it into oblivion I don't know. It is *very* left field. As for me, I'll stick with 'em all the way and hope they get the hit they so richly deserve.

GMT: 'One By One' (Mausoleum 12")

Not an amazing success story. Four songs written by members of the defunct Grand Prix and performed by vocalist Robin McAuley, bassist Chris Glen, drummer Phil Taylor and guitarist Marcus Schleicher (who he?). In fact, GMT are now defunct too so who the hell they expect to buy this I don't know! Total Grand Prix soundalike stuff, pleasant but nothing extraordinaire!

MAGNUM: 'Lonely Night' (Polydor)

Joker in the pack, ace in the hole and all that! Magnum, a band who I freely admit to having dismissed with very little grace at times in the past, have come up with possibly the finest single in the batch. Produced by Queen drummer Roger Taylor, pomp rock pretensions have been abandoned in favour of a crisp, classy sheen. If you're not too image conscious, you'll recognise a fine song here!

THE FIXX: 'Secret Separation' (MCA)

Average pop music from Brits made good over the waters. Soon to be supporting the Moody Blues in the States, by all accounts. I'd say they've been copping too much Mr Mister! I hold *MTV* entirely responsible for this kinda blandola backdrop.

VAN HALEN: 'Dreams' (Warner Brothers 12")

More pop music from Van Hagar. 'Jump' was the start and finish of VH's keyboard dabblings as far as I'm concerned, and everything else just pales in comparison. This actually contains the finest chorus to be found on the whole of the desperate '5150' album, but where's all that blistering raunch that I know and love?

Remix or not, I still can't play ball with the new Van Halen!

Sorry!

SAM FOX: yes, please. . .

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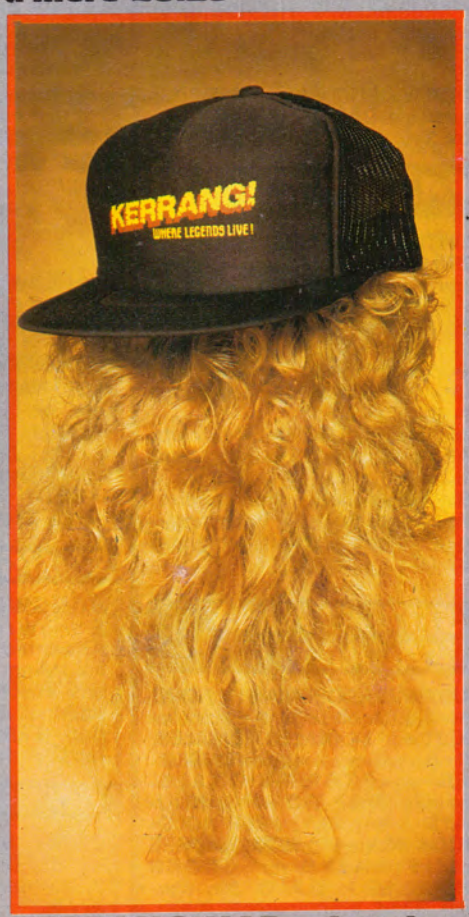

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As a bonus, we've *still* got a selektion of sought-after *Kerrang!* patches to give away FREE with each order. Both blue and black patches remain available, so please specify the kolour you rekwire on the order koupon below.

Oh, and by the way – if you plan to go to any of the outdoor festivals this summer, then why not splash out on a *Kerrang!* Muscle T-Shirt or a *Kerrang!* Kut-Away Sweatshirt? Just the kinda gear to enable you to maximise that suntan *and* keep mega-kool at the same time! Just a thought . . .

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THIS ISSUE'S award for the most out-of-touch human on the planet goes to none other than **Dave Brock** of **Hawkwind**. It seems that the mighty 'superstar' recently decided that in future all photos and features on either him or his precious li'l bunch of cyanide-infested hippies should be submitted for approval before publication.

Yeah, nice one. And if various writers or photographers refuse to comply? Well, they simply won't be allowed to interview or snap the bag-o-'Wind. The only slight problem is that no-one really wants to be bothered with 'em anyway! Go back to Glastonbury, mate!

SO JUST how *live* is **Aerosmith**'s **'Classics Live'** LP?! Well, according to the Aerosmith office things might not be quite as live as *CBS* would wish us all to believe. *'. . . **(Jimmy) Crespo** and **(Rick) Dufay** are the guitarists heard on most of the performances,'* claims a recent statement from the band's office in Boston. The duo aren't credited on the album sleeve, sooo . . . over to you, *CBS*.

KOMIK KORNER

"THREE MARRIED couples, one young, one middle-aged and one old, all want to become members of a particular church. They're told by the priest that, before they can be accepted, all must abstain from sex for 30 days.

"After the allotted time, all three return to the church. The priest firstly turns to the old couple and asks how they got on. 'Well, we've been married for 50 years and considering our age, had no problems in maintaining celibacy,' says the husband. 'Congratulations,' replies the priest. 'Welcome to the church.'

"He then turns to the middle-aged couple and asks them how they got on. 'We've been married for 25 years,' says the husband. 'And it was difficult, but we managed to follow your instructions.' The priest is delighted and also congratulates them on fulfilling the criterion for entry into the church.

"He then turns to the young couple and asks them how they got on. 'We've only been married a few weeks,' states the husband. 'But we, nonetheless, tried very hard. Everything went well until the 30th day when I saw my wife bend over the freezer . . . and my urges got the better of me, I'm ashamed to say.' The priest is disgusted. 'You two are banned from this church', he rants. 'Yeah,' says the husband, 'and we're also banned from Sainsbury's!'" – **Jay Jay French (Twisted Sister)**.

IT'S NICE to know that some bands still care about their fans.

Van Hagar, as part of their ongoing mega-States tour, had planned to completely bypass San Diego. However, radio station *KGFM*, in the heartland of SD, took umbrage to this 'gesture' and persuaded more than 34,000 fans to sign a petition demanding that the boys play a date in the town. As a result, Van Hagar have just announced two nights at the *Sports Arena* in San Diego during early July.

KROKUS WERE forced to postpone the first part of their American tour, because . . . well (ahem) because guitarist **Mark Kohler** injured his foot during a karate training session!

No kiddin', boyz an' galz. Apparently, 'Kokie' (as he is affectionately known) trains every day and tried one **Bruce Lee** kick too many. It's a unique excuse, though, *n'est-ce pas?!*

WE'VE HEARD of some scams before . . but this?! When **Slack Haddock** recently played in the UK before the odd peg-leg and his dog, they were so intent on making sure that the fans who'd paid out good money for the show got the chance of buying high-quality souveniers that they were selling copies of the tour programme put together for the 'Born Again' scramble around the US some three years ago!

'Collector's items' is how the programmes were described. . .

ACCORDING TO a recent feature in *Billboard*, **Dokken** decided to curtail their recent Euro-jaunt partly because of the radiation problems. We at *VFTB* wonder if you have to be stupid to be accepted as an American citizen . . . or does this only apply to rock quartets from the West Coast?!

"This is the last number tonight – it's called 'P*t D*wn Like A Beast'!"

FATE'S WARNING

King Diamond cast-offs or high-frying Danish sizzlers? MALCOLM DOME states the case for FATE

THERE'S A night-club in the trunk of Copenhagen called *On The Rox*. It stays open all night and if you're still awake when the first shards of sunlight drive a stake through the heart of the moon shadow then you can breakfast in the midst of fluorescent pillars of stainless light and stereo speakers.

I like *On The Rox*, not only for the obvious reasons (wimmen, booze *etc*) but also because it has a strongly *Kerrang!*-orientated musical policy, playing a whole selection of stylish hard baked records throughout the nocturnal festivities – a rare, but welcome, event.

And it's *On The Rox* who've been championing the cause of Fate in recent months, giving their impressive debut album ('Fate' – see review issue 119) ample sniffin' room.

Let me tell you about Fate, easily the best slingshot Denmark has ever aimed at the ventricles of the screaming, scrabbling, scarred yet perpetually pumping *mardi gras* we call heavy rock. The quartet's mainman is guitarist Hank Sherman, whom I first met when he plied his trade (and poured the coffee) with Mercyful Fate, an act responsible for turning me from a sensitive, *Sugar Puffs*-sipping, *Habitat* halibut into what *Medi Tissue* Wall described in a recent issue as *'that deranged lunatic Doc Doom'*. King Diamond took my unsullied reputation and gave it a severe case of the pox – and to think I only opened the door to let the cat out!

Mercyful met a merciless fate at the manicured claws of Attila The Fingerbob (*aka* Dave Dickson) way back and Hank Sherman, for one, wasn't at all in the business of shedding alligator tears over their demise. King Billy plus bassist Timi G. Hansen and guitarist Michael Denner have gone on to form King Diamond, drummer Kim Ruzz has disappeared . . . and Sherman?

"Well, I suppose you have to go back to Mercyful Fate's first-ever American tour in late 1984 to get an idea of what happened.

"At this stage I was getting rather tired of Mercyful Fate's Satanic lyrics. I was feeling rather more mature than when we first started and no longer wanted to be involved with such an approach. I had some ideas of my own and was getting to the stage where it was time to move on. Anyway, we were also having other problems and these just got worse when the band returned home.

"Things came to a head when, after a show in Copenhagen, King announced that he was quitting the band. At that time I wasn't too saddened by the news because I believed that, at last, there was a chance of developing musically."

Pic Ray Palmer

FATE (from left): Hank Sherman, Bob Lance, Jeff 'Lox' Limbo, Pete Steiner

INITIALLY, DENNER and Sherman intended to stick with each other, forming a twin-guitar basis for a new, more melodically/lyrically mainstream act, but "Michael was made a lucrative offer by King and, given his financial commitments, he felt compelled to take it. But let me say I've got nothing against Michael, in fact he did guest on the 'Fate' album although he isn't credited due to political reasons. As for King, we get on fine on a social level when we meet and I bear no grudges against him whatsoever. In fact, I wish his band the best of luck."

Undaunted by his treatment, Sherman slowly but surely put together what has now become Fate, recruiting lithe lead vocalist Jeff 'Lox' Limbo almost immediately as "I have known him for years", snatching the kid from the jowls of local band Maxim along with multi-joustin' bassist/keyboardsman Pete Steiner and firm-fisted drummer Bob Lance.

"It all happened very rapidly," recalls Sherman. "Within three or four days of Mercyful Fate being disbanded, this line-up was together and a couple of days later we had a demo recorded!"

After initially flirting with the notion of calling themselves Mercyful Fate (quickly dropped because of the inevitable connotations), Sherman and his *troupe* elected to go for the shortened Fate monicker, and that first demo immediately attracted interest, not least from *EMI* in Denmark.

"They heard the tape and expressed a desire to talk to us. But things didn't go quite as smoothly as we'd have liked. They asked us to do another tape, yet when they heard this one they then suggested that a *third* one might be in order! But on delivery of that demo, the powers-that-be gave us the nod and we got a deal sorted out."

The foursome roped in Henrik Lund and his *Easy Sound Studios* in the marrow of Copenhagen to record their first album, a wise choice given Lund's quite remarkable ability (oft-underrated) to bring out the biggest sounds around whilst never swamping the balance or vitality of the music.

"I'd worked with Henrik before when I was in MF (he produced both the 'Melissa' and 'Don't Break The Oath' LPs) and felt comfortable with his approach. And given the time/budget restrictions we were under it was important for us to be with someone we could have immediate confidence in."

THE RESULTS of the combination are, to say the least, distinctly impressive, a month's worth of recording time leading to a debut album which has already pushed Fate well beyond the limited levels achieved by any previous Danish hard-lipped cot shakers, with the astonishingly fullsome 'Fallen Angel' surely set for major wear on many turntables in the coming years. Rest assured, Fate are gonna happen big sooner or later.

"We're still searching for a unified direction and 'Fate' did possess a lot of thrashing about whilst attempting to capture our best style. However, we're pleased with the way we've launched ourselves and hopefully our second album (due to be recorded, again with Lund, during August) will suggest a more coherent approach."

What we have here is one of the finest mainland European hard rock combinations to emerge in the past few years. It may take a little time and a smear of luck, but . . . hell's trinkets, Fate *are* gonna make it.

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

ZELL AWAITS . . .

JUSTICE HATH been done from God above! No, I'm not a Stryper fan, simply a Phil Lynott fan. After reading through another excellent issue of *Kerrang!* (121), I came to the *Pandora Peroxide* comic strip and found it really made my day. Congratulations to Ray Zell, the artist responsible.

I read the Nugent interview in issue 118 and was incensed by his comments on the death of Lynott and wholeheartedly agreed with the two out of three letters printed in response in issue 120. Ted Nugent *is* insane and, since his comments, very unpopular also. **David Manson, Caithness, Scotland.**

FEEL THE NOIZE

I AM a great admirer of your mag, but I've often wondered why you call it *Kerrang!*

My brother thinks *Kerrang!* represents the bollock-shaking scream that a highly amplified electric guitar makes. Is he right? **A Mega Metal Maniac.**

Yes. – Ed.

DRAGON SLAYER

OH SHIT, I've just run out of Ronnie Dio pictures to stick on my dartboard. I'll just have to contain myself and write to *Kerrang!*

Let me explain. On May 12 myself and two mates went to see a Dio gig (pantomime?) at the *Hammersmith Odeon* and, in case you haven't guessed, we came away just a little disappointed.

When we got to our seats the intro began and lasted seven minutes while Denzil The Dragon gobbed at a drawbridge and Ronnie fixed his stackheels. The man himself then arrived on stage armed with a magic laser sword and large ego and proceeded to bore us to death, what with his endless self-indulgence and poor old Denzil having to be woken up every five minutes to flap his ears at Claude Schnell (who was fortunately hidden behind the PA).

Next we had Ronnie's boat race stuck up in a crystal ball telling us how we must all go with him over a Rainbow Bridge to find a Sacred Heart. Two blokes behind us fell on the floor in fits of laughter and Denzil The Dragon reared his plastic head yet again and made unconvincing attempts to kill Ronnie. But Ronnie, of course, had his magic laser sword. He stuck it up Denzil's nose and then started throwing lasers at a robot.

A mate then informed me that the 'magic laser sword' was in fact a torch with a couple of bog rolls stuck on top of it – surely not! Shattered illusions!

Please print this as I think Ronnie and Co should be told what the show looked like from the fans' point of view, not to mention this being my ninth letter. **The Save The Denzil Society.**

BASS BALLS

AS A rock bassist myself, I feel I must reply to certain komments from Gary Clee in *Kommunication*, issue 121.

Whilst I don't dispute that Mark King of Level 42 is a brilliant 'funk' bassist, to say that all rock bassists suck and possess no talent is pure shit – sure, there are a few talentless bozos on the rock scene (Cronos and his ilk) but rock music can lay claim to many great bassists including Geddy Lee (a man whose ability is unsurpassed), Neil Murray and Mike Rutherford. And since when has Geddy Lee been 'macho' or Mr Rutherford a '*Jack Daniels*-swigging idiot'?!

These bassists may play a different style of music to Mark King, but they sure as hell match him on the talent scale any day.

So, Gary Clee – *'up your ass with a backstage pass'*, to kwote *Kerrang!*, the Rock Bible.

Long live Steve Harris! **Martin, bassist with Midnight Dawn, Fleet, Hants.**

RAMPANT EGOS

I FELT compelled to write to say how much I agree with Simon James' letter of issue 121, regarding the vast increase in self-indulgent ego trips presently being churned out by the majority of the *Kerrang!* staff under the guise of journalism.

This kind of crap has been going on for far too long now and it started well before the Dio article which Simon mentioned, the recent Ratt and Ozzy pieces being prime examples, not forgetting Dave Dickson's UFO debacle which dragged on over two issues and somehow managed to tell us nothing other than what a great ligger Dickson is.

How many more times must we have to endure sentences like *'Pissed, I jetted off to Somewhere USA, only to be met by good ole Ross Halfwit, scourge of the bands, ho, ho!'*. It's becoming a real pain when you pay your money to read about the bands and their music and instead get a two page account of some hack's night on the tiles. For some reason this doesn't really apply to articles by Sylvie Simmons or the *Kutz* section, but come on Geoff/Dante, ask the lads to cool it a little and to try keeping their social lives, egos and increasingly tedious nicknames out of it; I doubt if there's anyone outside of your office genuinely interested anyway.

Otherwise *Kerrang!* continues to be the best of its kind with the second ish of *Mega Metal* being a marked improvement on the first. Let's have more on the Poison Dollys and howzabout something on the Wilson sisters from Heart? **Kenny Mayes, Glasgow.**

GALS 'N' GIGS: note sensible 'non-leering' approach of males in audience

I AM writing with reference to the letter from Duncan Carson (issue 120) and his comments about there never being enough females at rock concerts.

I am an 18 year old female heavy rock fan. I love good rock music, Kerrang! *magazine and going to gigs.*

But the thing is, guys, you moan about there not being enough girls into rock music but do you all realise that often it's almost an ordeal *for a girl to go to a gig, when she's surrounded by boozing, leering males?*

Half of you seem to think we're there because we're after your bodies, and not because we actually like *the music.*

As for Heavy Metal clubs, *well, there's one or two where I live, but I don't think I'd ever even dare venture into one. I just don't wanna be hassled and pestered.*

OK then guys, you want more female rockers? Then take my advice and make the following steps:

***1.** Don't stare when we walk into a gig, it's not very pleasant for us y'know.*

***2.** Accept that Heavy Metal is not something which makes all girls reach for ear plugs or Wham! records. Some of us* do *actually like it.*

***3.** Kindly leave out chat-up lines such as "How many vodkas does it take to get ya on yer back?" and "I'm only here for the ale, what are you here for?" (Both of which I've actually had said to me.)*

In short, stop treating us like shit and we might start to like you all a lot better. ***Debbie Ford, Liverpool.***

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OUT OF THE DARKNESS comes TALENT

BEKI BONDAGE & THE BOMBSHELLS

It's a hard thing for people working in the music business to accept. They hate admitting they might be wrong.

When **BEKI BONDAGE** was 15, she joined a punk band (punk was all the rage at the time), the music press hailed it as the saviour of rock 'n' roll! Nowadays, anyone who was involved must have been a talentless moron. Hang on a second . . . they were involved, yes, well perhaps that proves the point?

Beki is now older, wiser, and has had time to listen to all sorts of music, and just like you and I, her musical tastes have changed and broadened.

But she still keeps one thing she had before – *A STRONG POWERFUL VOICE.*

Her new band **"THE BOMBSHELLS"** were chosen from over 900 (yes 900) dedicated musicians who replied to an advert headed "Are you musically gifted?"

SCOTT FREE – Guitarist: A softly spoken person who takes his music very seriously. I've seen crowds gather in a musical instrument shop when he's tested out a new guitar he's thinking of buying. Modesty prevents him from acknowledging his own talent. A guitar hero of the future.

MARC RUSSELL – Bass Guitarist: The youngest member of the band. Truly a gifted player. His musical tastes vary from heavy metal to the latest Gothic based sounds. He also loves the Doors, Jimi Hendrix and T. Rex. A driving force – especially when paired with . . .

COMMANDER BENZO – Drums: Not a "flash" player, it takes time to appreciate just how solid yet complex his playing really is. He concentrates on perfecting the timing rather than try to outplay the guitarists. Yet he still manages some inspiring work.

PAUL ROONEY – Guitarist: Probably the nicest person you will ever meet in your life. His up-front personality and showmanship tend to overshadow the fact that here is a young man who may at the moment lack experience, yet he still manages to come up with moments of sheer brilliance. Give this man a year and the world will realise how much he has to offer. Already a talented songwriter, his melodies will touch your heart.

BEKI BONDAGE – After two years away from the music scene – Beki is back, her beauty and outgoing personality have in the past held back her vocal talent. But now with a new band and a new direction, she will soon truly be discovered as a vocalist of the highest calibre. As a bad voice cannot be disguised, so an outstanding one cannot remain hidden forever.

If you've ever backed a horse in a race, then you'll know that the favourite doesn't always win. Sometimes an outsider comes from nowhere and surprises the crowd.

Currently, they are on a UK tour – catch them live if you can.

All you have to do is open your ears – their music will open your eyes!

LADY Killers

KELLY JOHNSON

*"Kelly's never really been into heavy rock . . . whilst the rest of us would listen to HM albums for fun, she wouldn't." – **Kim McAuliffe** (issue 67).*

WELL, IT'S been two whole wheat-consuming years since **Kelly Johnson** picked up her glitterbug guitar strap, packed away those heartstrings and went sky west to Los Angeles, leaving her old band **Girlschool** to struggle along without Britain's undisputed Number One hard rockin' *femme* pin-up.

We all know what's happened to the gals (due to release a new album, tentatively titled '**A Nightmare At Whipps Cross**', through the *GWR* label any time now) – but what's Kelly? She virtually disappeared in the depths of the slum-city surfers out on Los Yanks doodle.

However, whilst maintaining a tantalisingly low profile, Kelly's not been afraid. Indeed, she's been busy putting together a new project that should catapult her back into the spotlight.

But, let's backtrack a little. Why did she quit Girlschool after their early '84 US tour?

"Well, I think things were getting progressively stilley. I was bored with the attitude in the band. There were so many occasions when I'd go on stage out of my head and it just didn't make sense any longer. We were going nowhere and it was time for me to quit."

Kelly left the country almost immediately and now shares an apartment with former **Runaways** bassist **Vicki Blue**, who effectively manages the guitarist/vocalist's career as well as running a video company.

"I began to experiment in the studio almost straight away," says Kelly. "And tapes were sent off to *Mercury Records*, to whom I was still signed at the time through the Girlschool connection, but they weren't interested and immediately released me from the contract. To be honest, I was quite relieved at this because I wanted to start with a clean sheet.

"Since then I've just worked steadily on material. I'm in no rush and want to get everything absolutely right before letting the public hear anything. I guess you could say that the new songs do have a broader base than Girlschool ever possessed; you'll hear synthesisers and other electronic effects. But, rest assured, there'll still be a *lot* of guitar! I've always had a wide range in musical tastes and whilst Kim might criticise me for not liking Heavy Metal (see quote at the beginning), she's missing the point. I *do* love some HM, in particular bands such as **Van Halen**, but I'm not so narrow-minded as to ignore other forms of music."

Kelly, who now has a sponsorship with *Aria Guitars*, doesn't have a record deal yet, but it can't be long before this comes about. And doesn't she look foxy?! She's off the booze, in control of her career/personal life once more . . . and it shows physically! Yeah, the gal who won the 1982 Readers' Poll 'Female Sex Object' category and was third a year later is back brighter, breezier and bouncier than ever.

If you own a copy of the very first, ultra-kollektable *Kerrang!*, just flip it to the back cover and compare the way Kel looked during those 'bar & grill' *daze (sic)* of Galschool as opposed to now. Life in the slinked-out sunshine belt certainly agrees with her!

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Ray Palmer

***GENESIS** (from left): Mike Rutherford, Phil Collins, Tony Banks*

THE GEN-TLE TOUCH

The return of the GENESIS legend: an exclusive interview with PHIL COLLINS and TONY BANKS by MARK PUTTERFORD

'And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' ***(Genesis 2:7)***

'And man formed Genesis of the youth of the land, and breathed into its amplifiers the breath of music; and Genesis became a rock revelation – one of the greatest bands of our time.'
(Putterford 6:6:86)

GENESIS: WHERE do you stand, kid? Are you swayed by patchy preconceptions of intellectual surrealism and musical pomposity? Does your imagination play dirty tricks and conjure up pictures of an outdated '70s band? Or are you merely guided blindly by a fat-headed phobia of 'soft' rock music?

Whatever you think of Genesis, you can't deny the fact that, over the past 17 years or so, they have been one of the most original, inventive, progressive, consistent and durable (not to mention *successful!)* bands of their era.

From their humble beginnings as tentative teenagers with primitive equipment and futuristic ideas, through the Gabrielite years of musical epics and theatrical shows, to the present Collinsian period of pop success, they've evolved into an impeccable band of class and character; an almost intimidating legend which has conquered the world and which will go down in rock history as a milestone of the contemporary British music scene.

So where do *I* stand? Obvious. I clearly recall hearing 'Trespass' for the first time and being enchanted by that early Genesis sound: Peter Gabriel's lonely voice, Tony Banks' touching keyboard work and the tickling 12-string guitar of Anthony Phillips. The fascinatingly fantastical works of 'Nursery Cryme' and 'Foxtrot' followed and the Genesis plot thickened, while the unforgettable 'Selling England By The Pound' constituted an endearing step forward for the band and the love-it-or-hate-it concept of 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway' sealed the Gabriel era in a most novel way.

'A Trick Of The Tail' and 'Wind And Wuthering' proved that, contrary to the opinion of many, Genesis *could* survive without its former singer, lyricist and striking frontman, and the double live 'Seconds Out' opus in '77 rammed home the point. The Phil Collins-fronted Genesis proved more popular than ever.

The band, however, were to lose another key figure – guitarist Steve Hackett – and his departure just left the nucleus of Banks, Collins and Rutherford holding the Genesis flag aloft. But, as 'And Then There Were Three', 'Duke', 'Abacab' and 'Genesis' proved, even a depleted line-up could slide smoothly into the '80s with ease. Rutherford took over axe duties as well as bass during recording and guitarist Daryl Steurmer was recruited for live work. Genesis seemed like the band who would never disappear.

And they still do. Despite only devoting 50 per cent of their time to the band these days, Banks, Collins and Rutherford are still keen to keep Genesis together. Collins has, of course, had huge success as a solo artist and producer, Tony Banks has been occupied with solo projects and soundtracks, and Mike Rutherford is currently enjoying success with his new (part-time) band, Mike And The Mechanics. But the three of them have been together recently to record a new batch of Genesis songs, and with plans to tour until the middle of next year it's good news all round.

BUT ENOUGH of the past and future, let's talk about the *present*. Right now I'm

KONTINUEZ OVER

TOUCH

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

sitting in the lounge of an old farmhouse in the peaceful and picturesque depths of Surrey with Tony Banks and Phil Collins (Mike Rutherford is on tour in America with his Mechanics). Genesis have owned this farm (known, imaginatively, as The Farm) for around five years, and they've converted the cowshed into a recording studio. At this very moment Eric Clapton is here recording his next album (on which Phil is playing and producing), and this is also the birthplace of 'Invisible Touch', the splendid new album from Genesis themselves.

This is the first time I've met either Tony or Phil and already I'm impressed. They're both very approachable, friendly, bright and witty characters – Tony is slim, well-spoken and very much the ex-public schoolboy, while Phil is stockier and has more of a 'Jack The Lad' aura about him – and as they sit here, casually dressed and sipping tea, they seem far less members of one of the world's top rock bands than workers on the farm.

To start with, I ask Tony if there's any particular reason why Genesis prefer to record in England. . .

"Well, we're English people and we just like England," he replies. "We like to carry on our ordinary lives while we're recording, and that's why we bought this place, because it's only about ten minutes away from where each of us live."

It's also ironically close to Charterhouse, *the school which spawned the band. Have you always lived around here?*

"No, and I *never* wanted to come back here, I assure you!" Tony laughs. "A few years ago, my wife and I wanted to move out into the country – but we had to be in touch with London and the airports – and this place just turned up. It *is* remarkably close to *Charterhouse*, though!"

You've been working away from each other for quite a while now . .

". . . Album-wise, yes. But we finished our last tour in March '84 and we got together again in September '85, so we haven't been apart for as long as people think."

. . . Well, anyway . . . you have been apart for a while working on separate projects, and I wonder if you noticed any changes in each other when you got back together this time?

"Oh yeah – less hair, umm. . ." Tony chuckles. "Well, over the years people change slowly, and we have, too; for example, Mike has grown in confidence as a guitar player since Steve (Hackett) left, and Phil has certainly grown in confidence as a composer over the years. But the reason why I think we can get back together and it works so easily is that there's a lot that *doesn't* change with us."

When you are working apart, do you store ideas for the next Genesis album?

"You store ideas, full stop," Phil says. "With us, we all appreciate that there's a certain chemistry between us and we feel that that chemistry makes anything we do together very different from what we do individually. So if we keep any individual songs that we write *away* from the band and just use them for solo projects, when we get together to do the next Genesis album we're forced into a situation where we have to start from scratch – and that gives the group a reason and identity.

"We always used to work that way, but we got out of the habit on a couple of albums – 'And Then There Were Three' had a lot of individual songs and, as it turned out, the band was just like session musicians playing on other people's songs! – but 'Abacab', the last one, and this new album all have a definite 'group' feel to them. Everybody has contributed a third on this album."

"With us, everything evolves out of improvisation," continues Tony. "We try to go into the studio with no ideas and just improvise until we feel we've got something concrete enough to start thinking about in more detail, and then we put it down on tape."

So you find it easy?

"Sometimes it's very easy," Phil admits. "I mean, we find it easy to write together. But aspects of it are quite hard – like trying to come up with something we haven't done before. It would be easy to just go in there and do something which you can turn on the radio and hear. But we particularly try an' do something different every time."

***DO YOU** ever run out of ideas and revert to something you've done before?*

"Oh, you have days when nothing comes," says Tony, "but normally if you're stuck you can draw on something that you've had in mind for years – sometimes TEN years – and work on that.

"But if you *are* having an 'off' day, something that one of the others comes up with will spark you off. That spark between you is very important in a band like ours, and we bring things out of each other that we'd never do on our own. For example, Phil is more rhythmically imaginative than me, so he will bring that side out of me. In terms of chords, however, I'm always trying to do harmony combinations which haven't been done before."

"Yeah – he knows a lot more chords than I do," Phil laughs.

"Oh yeah, I'll say, 'This is a D minor seventh' and he'll be laughing," Tony grins. "But I like to throw in all sorts of weird things from time to time."

"I sometimes wish that someone could be a fly on the wall when we're recording," Phil ponders, "because we have a rare chemistry between us. Having worked with lots of other people, I can honesty say that I've never seen this kind of a chemistry between anyone else. I don't wish to blow our own trumpet or anything, but there's definitely something special about us – like it or not."

"We're not conscious of each other, and I think that helps," Tony explains. "You know you can play a whole day of bum notes and no-one's going to take any notice, whereas if you're working with other people you feel as if you should be trying to sound good – y'know, 'Hey, here I am and I've got a reputation to protect!'

"It's very important to us that no-one else is around while we're recording – even a roadie is sometimes too much! – because you immediately start 'performing' when somebody else walks in; you become self-conscious and it's difficult to concentrate."

"It's the same in interviews, really," Phil continues. "When the three of us are together we have lots of laughs – even though people think we're a very serious band – but when someone turns a camera on, or someone turns a tape recorder on, it's very difficult to act the same; it's very hard to open up.

"Some people are very quiet – like Pete (Gabriel) for instance – but when they're onstage they're alright. Other people are very boring in private, but as soon as someone turns a camera on they're like this," Phil jumps up and slips into a Dave Lee Roth pose. "We're the opposite of that."

PHIL COLLINS: "We don't pretend to be all deep and intellectual at all"

Let's get back to the new album. Tell me about the ideas behind the track 'Domino'.

"Well, I'm intrigued by all those Japanese guys who line up millions of dominos, knock the first one down and then stand and watch the rest fall over for about the next 20 minutes," Tony explains. "If you think of those dominos as people, then I was thinking about the guy who's the 404,676th down the line and has no idea of what's about to hit him. The song is really addressed to the person who pushes over that first domino – whether he's a politician or whoever – and it's about the effect he has on the lives of the people down the line.

"The first half of 'Domino', called 'In The Glow Of The Night', is about a person who, as a result of all this, loses his entire family and everything – it's all good depressing stuff! – and the second half, 'The Last Domino', considers the position of the last guy in the line; he may have to wait the longest, but he'll get knocked over in the end just the same."

Looking at 'Invisible Touch' as a whole, how much of progression would you say it is from your last album, 'Genesis'?

"Hmmm. . . this word 'progression'," Tony mutters, staring out of the window in search of an answer. . . . "I think there are a lot of areas where it's different, but I'd also like to say, 'Does it *really* matter whether a thing progresses or not?'. Sometimes I think there's too much of an attempt in rock music to be totally different from what's gone before.

"But, for us, this new album has got some very different moments on it; there's a lot of new stuff, for example. Often we find ourselves slipping into a Genesis *cliché*, but we've tried hard to avoid that over the last two or three albums."

What would you call 'a Genesis cliché'?

"Well, in the old days it was fairly obvious; the massive, spacious, dominant keyboard chords, the fantasy-orientated lyrics. . . oh, many things really. We still get the odd moment of that, but we do try to avoid it these days."

TALKING OF the old days, do you remember when you joined Genesis (in August 1970), Phil?

"I remember the audition very distinctly," the drummer grins boyishly. "I went with a friend of mine who was a guitar player – because the band were auditioning for guitar players as well – and we drove over in his *Mini Minor* with his guitar and my drums in the back. Afterwards, he thought he'd got the job and I hadn't, so when we got a phone call from Peter (Gabriel) a couple of weeks later and *I* was offered the job he was pretty sick! Ha!

"But I've got a very good memory. I remember the swimming pool Peter's mum and dad had at the back of their farmhouse, and I remember going swimming while I was waiting for my audition! It was all very luxurious for me, because I was used to waiting at the bottom of a staircase in the depths of the West End with all my drums, listening to the guy before me thrashing about, and then going upstairs for my turn when I heard him stop. But this time it was quite different – the piano was out on the patio, everyone was rehearsing and auditioning out in the sun – and I was in the swimming pool, carefully listening to all the bits the band were asking the drummers to do. I'm lucky in that I learn things pretty quickly, so this was an advantage for me."

"We were wondering how to audition the drummers, actually," Tony continues. "Finally, we thought we'd get about half-a-dozen sections of our music – some fast, some slow – and check out their versatility, because we wanted to make sure we got a drummer who had the ability to play acoustic material as well as heavy electric stuff. . ."

"And you couldn't just, like, sit down and jam in E as some bands did (and still do), says Phil, "because none of the songs Genesis played stayed in one place for more than a couple of minutes! Also, the band weren't loose enough to just *play* – everyone was, and I think we still are, more interested in writing songs than in playing them."

So who decided to sign Phil up, Tony?

"Well, we took a vote on it and my vote was for Phil, Peter's vote was for Phil, and, umm. . ."

"Ah, so Mike's wasn't, then! *Right?*" Phil snaps in mock anger.

"Mike's vote was actually for one of the others," Tony admits, sheepishly. "We auditioned 15 drummers and there were two we felt were *very* good. Phil was one of them. Our previous drummer was very unreliable, but we felt we could rely on Phil to keep up a tempo. He also told good jokes, and that was *very* important."

When did you start writing with Genesis, Phil?

"As soon as I joined, really. Actually, the first thing we did was to go on holiday for a fortnight, but when we came back we started writing 'Nursery Cryme' immediately."

"We were actually a four-piece then," Tony points out, "because we couldn't pick a guitarist from those auditions. That was the period where I made the biggest advances in terms of learning what I had to do, because when we played live I had to play the guitar parts on an electric piano (through a fuzz box, actually), and for the first time I was playing two instruments at the same time. I know that's second nature to every keyboard player in the universe now, but at that stage no-one else was really doing it."

"It's funny," adds Phil, "but I bet a lot of the youngsters (well, you know, *teenagers)* who read *Kerrang!* take what they see of Genesis now for granted. But when we started the most elaborate piece of equipment we had was a mellotron!"

The band certainly has come a long way, eh? Which do you consider your most progressive period since those days?

"Er. . . well, I think the things we did on 'Foxtrot' – 'Supper's Ready' and those lengthy songs – were very progressive," Phil considers. "The way our production changed from 'Foxtrot' to 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway' was a big step forward. Our costumes onstage were progressive, I think; I mean, I know Bowie and Alice Cooper were doing all the costumes an' make-up stuff around the same time, but I felt we were doing it a bit differently."

"Yes, it was the integration of the show with the music that was very effective," Tony agrees. "With 'The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway' we took out a very elaborate show which included the projection of over 1,000 slides onto three big screens at the back of the stage. We'd perform the *entire* album and the screens would show pictures relating to the story line.

"But it *is* difficult to pinpoint a 'most progressive' period. I think we advanced through songs like 'Stagnation' and 'Musical Box' to 'Suppers Ready' (which was one side of an album) to 'The Lamb Lies Down. . .' (which was *four* sides of an album). The idea of doing long songs always appealed to me because I like long things. . ."

"Long tours?" Phil asks, sarcastically.

"*Except* long tours!" Tony corrects himself quickly. "But in other areas of the band's history, there *are* progressive stages; there was a big change from 'Duke' to 'Abacab', for example, and that was one of the most conscious efforts we've made to change our approach slightly."

"I think everything we do changes," Phil sums up. "We all absorb many different things when we're away from the group – even if you just sit indoors and listen to the radio – so we've always got new ideas to put to each other."

SO HOW would you describe the band's music today?

"That's for *you* to say – I don't want to do you out of a job, Mark," Tony laughs. "No, hopefully we cover such a wide range of material – from 'Invisible Touch', which is a good, straight-up pop song, through to much more ambitious things like 'The Brazilian' on the new album – that it's hard to stick a label on us."

"Even back in the old days we had 'I Know What I Like', which was pop song, and 'More Fool Me', which was an even shorter throwaway song, and then we had 'Cinema Show' which was one of our big live songs," Phil tells me. "We've always been fairly diverse, so it's difficult for us to describe our music."

A lot of '70s 'superstar' acts have reformed in the '80s: Yes, Deep Purple, ELP and so on. What do you think of it all?

"I think it's a bit of a cheap shot," Phil snorts. "I don't mean that to be as derogatory as it sounds, but y'see, there's a huge audience for bands like that in America and there's a quick killing to be made for any group featuring people from Yes, ELP, Jethro Tull or whatever. You could throw all those musicians up in the air and have them form bands in whatever order they fell in – and any permutation of them would sell."

"American audiences do seem to have longer memories, don't they?" comments Tony. "I think that's why Robert Plant's solo thing was so successful over there."

"I did that first Plant tour of America," Phil says, "and, with no disrespect to Robert, the novelty wore off pretty quickly. At first it was 'WOW – HE'S BACK!', but it was very short-lived. Lood at Asia – their first album went multi-platinum, but they *shipped back* multi-platinum with their last one! As for GTR. . . well, I wish Steve (Hackett) the best of luck, but I think they've got to be very good to make it past the first album."

On the subject of working with other people, I know you've been recording with the likes of Toyah, Jim Diamond and Fish recently, Tony. How did that come about?

"Well, I've been working on a couple of films over the past couple of years, and these were just one-off partnerships for them. Toyah and Jim Diamond worked with me on a film called 'Lorca And The Outlaws' – each doing one sone – and Fish and I got together to do a song for a film called 'Quicksilver'. I've brought the material out on record now ('Soundtracks' on *Charisma Records*), so maybe people will stop asking me what I've been doing for the past two years – you know, 'Phil has been *so* successful, but what have YOU been doing?'"

The Fish collaboration is interesting. . .

"Yeah, well quite honestly, I didn't know much about Marillion," Tony admits, "apart from the 'Kayleigh' single – which I liked. But I liked Fish's voice – which *has* got an uncanny resemblance to Peter (Gabriel)'s – and so I contacted him, we got together and the finished product is good."

People often accuse Marillion of ripping Genesis off. What do you think?

"Well, no-one's denying that there's a clear influence there, but, er. . ." Tony tries hard to be diplomatic.

Do you like Marillion, Phil?

"Well, I haven't really heard much of them. I did hear something on the radio once which was back-announced as Marillion, and I thought it was very 'Cinema Show'-ish. But as far as Fish's make-up is concerned. . . when Marillion came out it was exactly the same as Peter's when we were doing 'The Lamb Lies Down. . .!'"

"Yes, they did ask for it in a way, didn't they?" Tony nods.

WHAT I'M asking for now is a summary of the Genesis agenda for the coming year, as the sand in the interview-timer has finally slipped through. And this is what I get: at the moment Phil is finishing work on the new Clapton album, but come mid-September Genesis will take to the road and visit America, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, America again and then Europe. Shows in Britain won't take place before late Spring of next year, but the band are promising to play *all over* the country and *not* just the *NEC* this time!

After that, Tony is keen to continue his work on movie soundtracks; Phil, amongst other things, will also be involved with films – as an actor (he's accepted a part in a film called 'Buster' which is about the Great Train Robbery); and Mike seems happy to keep Mike And The Mechanics in working order.

And then? Well, it's another Genesis album, of course. . .

LOCAL CHART

1 TO MEGA THERION **Celtic Frost** (Noise)
2 EVIL'S INVADERS **Razor** (Roadrunner)
3 STAY UGLY **Piledriver** (Roadrunner)
4 FATAL PORTRAIT **King Diamond** (Roadrunner)
5 HELL AWAITS **Slayer** (Roadrunner)
6 WELCOME TO HELL **Venom** (Neat)
7 THRASH THE UNTHRASHABLE **Schitzo** (demo)
8 SPEED METAL HELL II **Various** (New Renaissance)
9 TRAGIC SERENADES **Celtic Frost** (Noise)
10 THE FINAL STRIKE **Backwater** (Disaster)
11 SHOW NO MERCY **Slayer** (Roadrunner)
12 RRRÖÖÖAAARRR **Voivod** (Noise)
13 BLACK METAL **Venom** (Neat)
14 THE LAST COMMAND **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
15 CRACK OF DOOM **D C Lacroix** (Black Dragon)
16 PLEASURE TO KILL **Kreator** (Noise)
17 CARNIVORE **Carnivore** (Roadrunner)
18 MELISSA **Mercyful Fate** (Roadrunner)
19 INFERNAL OVERKILL **Destruction** (Steamhammer)
20 KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
21 SPEAK ENGLISH OR DIE **SOD** (Roadrunner)
22 SHOUT AT THE DEVIL **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
23 OFFICIAL BOOTLEG **Venom** (American Phonograph)
24 BONDED BY BLOOD **Exodus** (Music For Nations)
25 SEVEN CHURCHES **Possessed** (Roadrunner)
26 GUILTY AS SIN **Bloodlust** (Metal Blade)
27 THE FINAL SEPARATION **Bulldozer** (Roadrunner)
28 5150 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
29 STRENGTH IN NUMBERS **38 Special** (A&M)
30 THE FORCE **Onslaught** (Under One Flag)

Compiled by the Hadleigh Maniac Headbangers

Anyone wishing to have their local chart published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! charts, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ.***

INDIE METAL

1 (1) MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
2 (4) SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
3 (3) SPEED KILLS II **Various** (Under One Flag)
4 (8) RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
5 (2) DEAD BY CHRISTMAS **Hanoi Rocks** (Raw Power)
6 (15) FRONTAL ASSAULT **Angel Witch** (Killerwatt)
7 (13) RRRÖÖÖAAARRR **Voivod** (Noise)
8 (10) ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
9 (12) THE FORCE **Onslaught** (Under One Flag)
10 (5) KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
11 (6) LAND OF THE GUN **Legs Diamond** (Music For Nations)
12 (—) RACE THE NIGHT **Surface** (Killerwatt)
13 (14) RISE UP **Persian Risk** (Metal Masters)
14 (7) SURRENDER **Joshua** (FM)
15 (9) MAD TRAX II – BEYOND METAL ZONE **Various** (Music For Nations)
16 (11) UNVEILING THE WICKED **Exciter** (Music For Nations)
17 (16) ANTHOLOGY **Magnum** (Raw Power)
18 (17) BEHOLD THE BEGINNING **Diamond Head** (Metal Masters)
19 (—) JOINT FORCES **Paul Samson** (Raw Power)
20 (18) BURNING AMBITION **Chariot** (Shades)

STAR CHOICE

VITO BRATTO (WHITE LION)
'I' Van Halen (Warner Brothers)
'CORRIDORS OF POWER' Gary Moore (Virgin)
'SOUL TO SOUL' Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble (Epic)

RAY PHILLIPS (TREDEGAR)
'THE DIO EP' Dio (Vertigo 45)
'STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN' Led Zeppelin (track from the 'IV' LP on Atlantic)
'ALL NIGHT LONG' Rainbow (track from the 'Down To Earth' LP on Polydor)

ERIC MARTIN
'10 FROM 6' Bad Company (Atlantic)
'GO WEST' Go West (Chrysalis)
'MASTER OF PUPPETS' Metallica (Music For Nations)

US HM RADIO

1 (1) MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Elektra)
2 (4) LIGHTNING STRIKES **Loudness** (Atco)
3 (—) VARIOUS ARTISTS **Hear 'n Aid** (Mercury)
4 (3) RUSSIAN ROULETTE **Accept** (Portrait)
5 (2) TURBO **Judas Priest** (CBS)
6 (9) THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
7 (13) FIGHT FOR THE ROCK **Savatage** (Atlantic)
8 (10) 5150 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
9 (6) THE FINAL FRONTIER **Keel** (Gold Mountain/MCA)
10 (8) THE MURDERESS METAL ROAD SHOW **Lizzy Borden** (Metal Blade)
11 (—) WHO MADE WHO **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
12 (16) NOBLE SAVAGE **Virgin Steele** (Cobra)
13 (19) FATAL PORTRAIT **King Diamond** (Greenworld)
14 (7) UNVEILING THE WICKED **Exciter** (Combat)
15 (11) LADY OF THE NIGHT **Spectre** (Spectre)
16 (12) WORLD GONE MAD **David T. Chastain's CJSS** (Leviathan)
17 (—) ANTHEM **Anthem** (Restless)
18 (20) MISDEMEANOR **UFO** (Chrysalis)
19 (—) RRRÖÖÖAAARRR **Voivod** (Combat)
20 (—) CHANGE OF ADDRESS **Krokus** (Arista)

Chart compiled by Gail Flug, Hard Rock Co-ordinator, CMJ New Music Report, 830 Willis Avenue, Albertson, New York 11507.

IMPORTS

1 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN **Poison** (Enigma)
2 SWEET SAVAGE **Sweet Savage** (Sweet Savage)
3 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN **Europe** (Epic)
4 TRAGIC SERENADES **Celtic Frost** (Noise)
5 BRIGHTON ROCK **Brighton Rock** (Flying Fist)
6 THE BEAST HAS ARRIVED **The Beast** (Napalm)
7 WHO WANTS TO BE LONELY **Kiss** (Mercury Japan)
8 CRAAFT **Craaft** (Epic)
9 SILK AND STEEL **Giuffria** (MCA/Camel)
10 POISON DOLLYS **Poison Dollys** (Invasion)

KERRANG!

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SINGLES

1	1	SLEDGEHAMMER **Peter Gabriel** (Virgin)
2	5	INVISIBLE TOUCH **Genesis** (Virgin)
3	2	WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
4	3	WHO MADE WHO **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
5	4	ROLLIN' HOME **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
6	17	ALL I NEED IS A MIRACLE **Mike And The Mechanics** (WEA International)
7	15	ON THE BEACH **Chris Rea** (Magnet)
8	7	WILD CHILD **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
9	8	ONE HIT (TO THE BODY) **Rolling Stones** (Rolling Stones/CBS)
10	—	WHEN THE HEART RULES THE MIND **GTR** (Arista)
11	11	YOUR LOVE **The Outfield** (CBS)
12	—	MAD HOUSE **Anthrax** (Island)
13	6	ROUGH BOY **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
14	18	FIRE ON THE WATER **Chris de Burgh** (A&M)
15	13	A KIND OF MAGIC **Queen** (EMI)
16	—	THE PRIDE YOU HIDE **Roger Daltrey** (10 Records)
17	16	STARS **Hear 'n Aid** (Vertigo)
18	12	LOCKED IN **Judas Priest** (CBS)
19	19	BECAUSE THE NIGHT **Keel** (Vertigo)
20	14	YOUR LATEST TRICK **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
21	9	THE DIO EP **Dio** (Vertigo)
22	10	LOOK AWAY **Big Country** (Vertigo)
23	20	JUMP IN THE FIRE **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
24	—	SHAME **Twelfth Night** (Virgin)
25	30	MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** (EMI)
26	23	BE GOOD TO YOURSELF **Journey** (CBS)
27	22	THESE DREAMS **Heart** (Capitol)
28	25	SHINE **Mike Oldfield/Jon Anderson** (Virgin)
29	28	HARLEM SHUFFLE **Rolling Stones** (Rolling Stones/CBS)
30	26	TURBO LOVER **Judas Priest** (CBS)

ALBUMS

1	—	A KIND OF MAGIC **Queen** (EMI)
2	1	SO **Peter Gabriel** (Virgin)
3	—	INTO THE LIGHT **Chris de Burgh** (A&M)
4	2	BROTHERS IN ARMS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
5	—	WHO MADE WHO **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
6	3	5150 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
7	—	EMERSON, LAKE AND POWELL **Emerson, Lake And Powell** (Polydor)
8	5	ON THE BEACH **Chris Rea** (Magnet)
9	4	RAISED ON RADIO **Journey** (CBS)
10	8	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
11	13	ALCHEMY **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
12	10	HEART **Heart** (Capitol)
13	6	THE FINAL FRONTIER **Keel** (Vertigo)
14	18	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
15	7	AFTERBURNER **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
16	11	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
17	16	ROCK A LITTLE **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/Parlophone)
18	38	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
19	26	LOVE OVER GOLD **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
20	22	TURBO **Judas Priest** (CBS)
21	19	GREATEST HITS **Queen** (EMI)
22	re	MIKE AND THE MECHANICS **Mike And The Mechanics** (WEA International)
23	36	SPEED KILLS II **Various** (Under One Flag)
24	—	SOUNDTRACKS **Tony Banks** (Charisma/Virgin)
25	12	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE **U2** (Island)
26	23	MAKING MOVIES **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
27	21	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD **Marillion** (EMI)
28	9	DIRTY WORK **Rolling Stones** (Rolling Stones/CBS)
29	20	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Island)
30	15	BEYOND THE PALE **Fiona** (Atlantic)
31	42	THEATRE OF PAIN **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
32	41	THE VERY BEST OF CHRIS de BURGH **Chris de Burgh** (Telstar)
33	39	SCARECROW **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Riva)
34	27	UNDER LOCK AND KEY **Dokken** (Elektra)
35	14	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
36	17	RUSSIAN ROULETTE **Accept** (Portrait)
37	25	THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
38	24	LIKE A ROCK **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** (Capitol)
39	49	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
40	34	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
41	re	FLY ON THE WALL **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
42	re	1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
43	—	BACK TO THE CENTRE **Paul Brady** (Mercury)
44	31	DEAD BY CHRISTMAS **Hanoi Rocks** (Lick)
45	28	SEVENTH STAR **Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi** (Vertigo)
46	32	FUGAZI **Marillion** (EMI)
47	29	WAR **U2** (Island)
48	40	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
49	45	ROCK ANTHEMS II **Various** (K-Tel)
50	50	STRANGEWAYS **Strangeways** (Bonaire)

PLAYLIST

MALCOLM 'MALCOLMICUS DOMEICUS' DOME
'WHO MADE WHO' AC/DC (Atlantic soundtrack LP)
'TOUCH & GO' Emerson, Lake & Powell (Polydor 45)
'ORGASMATRON' Motörhead (track from the 'Orgasmatron' LP on GWR Records)

STEVE 'STEVEICUS JOULEICUS' JOULE
'ESP' Würzel (demo)
'ORGASMATRON' Motörhead (GWR Records)
'WHO MADE WHO' AC/DC (Atlantic soundtrack LP)

GEOFF 'GEOFFRICUS BARTONICUS' BARTON
'#1 BAD BOY' Poison (track from the 'Look What The Cat Dragged In' LP on Enigma import)
'BLAME IT ON YOU' Poison (ditto)
'LET ME GO TO THE SHOW' Poison (ditto)

DANTE 'DANTEICUS BONUTTOICUS' BONUTTO
'ANIMAL' Vinnie Vincent's Invasion (track from the 'Vinnie Vincent's Invasion' LP on Chrysalis)
'LONDON' Queensrÿche (track from the 'Rage For Order' LP on EMI America)
'BLOW YOUR SPEAKERS (WITH ROCK 'N' ROLL)' Manowar (demo)

KOMING ATTRAKTIONS

OZZY OSBOURNE ● BON JOVI
IAN GILLAN ● STEVE STEVENS

MEGA METAL 3
INTENSE! SOON!

THEY'RE BACK – and they're hungry! Yeah, it's strange how being locked up in a recording studio week-after-week, month-after-month, year-after-year *etc* can affect the way you walk, talk and even eat! Just ask **Def Leppard**. The famed fivesome have been working on the follow-up album to the phenomenal 'Pyromania' ever since **Clement Atlee** was elected Prime Minister . . . and *still* there's no news concerning a release date for this **'Mutt' Lange**-produced opus!

However, at least we'll be able to gauge what all this time offstage has done to their perms when da Lepps hit the boards at the Castle Donington Festival on August 16. For, as revealed in *Mayhem* last issue, the boyz will be making their *first* live appearance anywhere in the UK (outside of drinking hours) for some three years on this fateful day.

It will also mark the debut of drummer **Jeff Rich** (not pictured here) alongside **Rick Allen** and, who knows, perhaps we'll also get some new material thrown in for good measure! Whatever, it's bound to be a great day, so get your tickets now, proceed in an orderly fashion down to the front and when you hear the signal, raise those hands and scream: *'Rock, rock 'til you drop/Rock, rock, never stop!'*

MALCOLM DOME